

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXI.—No. 794

SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd 1912.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½d.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



BASSANO LTD

THE COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY.

25, Old Bond Street, W.



The Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## THE COST OF PRODUCTION IN AGRICULTURE.

IT would appear that serious steps are at last being taken to ascertain the cost of production in regard to those articles which are produced by agriculture. The industry is almost the only one in which such particulars have hitherto been sought in vain. The farmer finds it very difficult to analyse his accounts. Nowadays, attempts are made to show what it costs to produce a bullock, a sheep, or even a chicken; but to arrive at an exact result is far from easy. This comes from the distribution of forces at a farm. It is very seldom, except in large establishments, that a man's sole duty from the beginning of the year to the end is to look after the fat cattle. This usually comes in as part of his other work. He probably feeds the stall oxen, but he also feeds the milking cows, and, in practical farming, very often the pigs and the poultry as well. Indeed, as frequently as not his work is not even confined to feeding; he may, after administering the first meal of the day, have to cart, or plough, or do hedging and ditching. Thus it becomes a very difficult thing to distribute the labour bill and say that so much of it has to be laid to the account of the fat ox. That is one difficulty. Another lies in the feeding. An animal meant for sale to the butcher is fed partly on the produce of the farm and partly on purchased foodstuffs. The bill for the latter can easily be obtained, and where cattle only are

fattened, it is a comparatively easy matter to divide the sum total by the number of animals and say the average charge for bought foodstuffs is so much. It is very different when the farmer tries to reckon up the value of home products. What his grass has actually cost him; what his turnips; what his hay, are apparently simple questions; but the more they are looked at, the more complicated do they become.

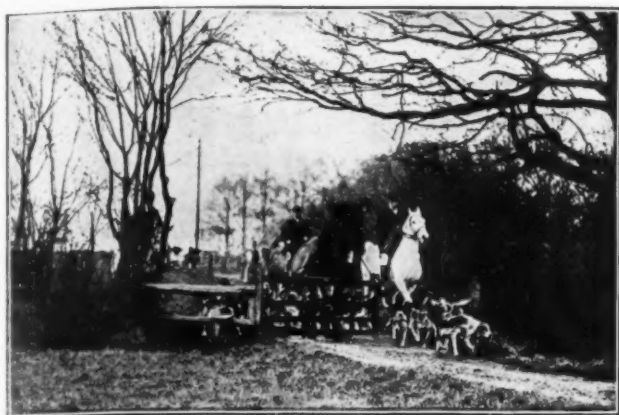
On the other hand, there is an offset in the manurial value of the fat ox. Thus all calculations as to the cost of a pound of beef, as compared with its selling value, are to be distrusted. The data for making them have not yet been collected in this country. It is the same with almost everything else that the farmer produces, and the rigid book-keeping statistician is just as likely to go wrong as the farmer who trusts to his judgment and common-sense. For example, there is very often a certain amount of labour that would be thrown away if it were not utilised for the performance of odd jobs. In a word, what railway companies know as the doctrine of the full truck comes into operation. It costs practically the same to carry a truck half filled with goods as one that is completely full; so that the full truck is *pro ratio* a much more profitable one than the other. Now, usually there are on farms several hands who are in the position of half-filled trucks; that is, their time is not fully occupied, and if something can be contrived of a profitable nature that they can do in hours that would be otherwise wasted, then this is sheer profit to the farmer, and for that particular item there is no labour bill. So with the food of animals. If there is too much of a perishable character, that portion will be wasted which cannot be consumed before the perishing begins. An increase of stock can very frequently be made without the necessity of increasing the food supply. It sounds like a paradox, but everybody engaged in practical work knows that this is a valuable truth. The old-fashioned farmer did not bother his head about such niceties. He did the best that he could with everything as it came up, and trusted to his sagacity to know whether an operation would pay or would not pay. The condition of his bank-book at the end of the season was to him the only criterion needed. If he was adding a little more and a little more to his stock; if he was becoming what he would himself have called a "warm" man, then he was perfectly satisfied. But in our times, when competition has become much keener and agriculture more of an exact science, the need is felt of accurate figures. Long ago other industries had felt the same want. In the business management of large concerns it is now recognised that costs form a very important factor. In large manufacturing firms there is usually nowadays a Costs Department, one of whose functions is to ascertain and record the cost of each operation that is required to convert the raw material into the finished article ready for the market. It is the business of the Costs Department to ascertain what was laid out for labour, the value of the raw material, the cost of heating power, the fractional part of the managerial expenses incurred by this item, and so on.

In British agriculture, nothing of the kind has so far been attempted; but, as a writer in the Journal points out, the United States, by means of its Bureau of Statistics, has already made a certain amount of progress in this department. The way of going about it has been to place qualified persons on a number of typical farms in order that they may keep strict accounts and furnish the necessary information. The figures obtained are carefully abstracted and tabulated, and the prices reduced to precision. Thus, the average annual cost per acre for farm machinery in Minnesota has been found to come out as follows: Binders, 9d.; drills, 3½d.; ploughs, 4d.; threshing outfit, 1s. 5d. In equal detail the average cost has been ascertained of maintaining a farm-horse at Minnesota. There is no need for us to give the items, such as the interest on investment, the depreciation of horse and harness, shoeing, food, labour and so on; but the final result is that a farm-horse is found to work two and two-thirds hours per day at a cost per working hour of a little over 4½d. The figures are not applicable to this country; but the principle of action could be applied, as we believe, with very great advantage. The old haphazard farming is not suitable to the times in which we live.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

A PORTRAIT of the Countess of Malmesbury is the subject of our frontispiece this week. The Countess of Malmesbury is the daughter of the sixth Baron Calthorpe; her marriage to the Earl of Malmesbury took place in 1905.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES.

**M**R. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S speech on the Navy Estimates has won for him the respect and admiration of men of all parties. Its distinguishing features were courtesy, candour and courage. He dropped periphrasis altogether. It is an insult to the robust German understanding to refer to them in a roundabout manner when the allusion is perfectly well understood. Mr. Churchill's frankness will not be misunderstood as rudeness except by a few irreconcilables. His message to Germany is as courteous as it is clear. He enunciates the obvious truth that it can be no part of English policy to build up a Navy for purposes of attack. The common-sense reason for that is that we do not possess the immense Army necessary to drive it home, even if we had anything to gain by aggression. But more than any other country we depend for security upon the superiority of the Fleet, and the rise of the German Navy has become the controlling factor in our own policy. If our neighbours abate the speed at which they are building Dreadnoughts, we shall be most happy to follow their example. It would be well for both countries if the money now lavished on vessels of war could be retained for the advancement of general prosperity. If, on the other hand, they accelerate, we must still more greatly accelerate. This is the firm but by no means unfriendly policy enunciated by the First Lord of the Admiralty. It will be heartily endorsed by every patriotic citizen of the Empire.

An interesting statement about small holdings has been compiled by the Board of Agriculture. It shows that there was a total increase of 3,686 last year, and so considerable is this increase that the number of small holdings in England and Wales is now greater than it was in 1903. This is what might have been expected; but the interesting feature of the document is a table which shows the changes in the number of holdings of all sizes in England and Wales. It is described as "an indication of the extent to which the larger holdings are being broken up to satisfy the demand for small holdings." The total shows that in England and Wales there was a considerable increase of holdings under five acres; a much smaller increase of those between five and fifty acres; an almost infinitesimal one in holdings of from fifty to three hundred acres; and a decrease of one hundred and forty-eight in holdings of over three hundred acres. That is taking England and Wales together. It is in England that the changes have mostly taken place. Thus, of the increase of tiny holdings, in Wales it was only twenty-four, whereas in England it was just over two thousand. The increase of holdings under fifty acres was over one thousand in England, in Wales it was about one hundred and twenty. On the whole it is satisfactory to find that the small holdings have been carved out of the very large holdings. It would, however, have been illuminating to know how many tenant farmers have been actually dispossessed to make way for the new small holders.

If, on the Continent, the sale of livestock for export purposes were at all common, it is probable that more trouble would be taken to extirpate the infectious diseases which prevail to such an enormous extent. A most appalling statement is that published by the Board of Agriculture to show the prevalence of animal diseases on the Continent last month. If any approach

to this state of things existed in Great Britain, it is easy to imagine the alarm that would be felt. Thus, taking foot-and-mouth disease alone: In Austria there were 2,115 cases; in Belgium it prevailed in 49 communes; in Denmark there were 251 cases; in France there were 5,954 establishments in 2,110 communes; in Germany, 4,790 affected places in 2,076 parishes; in Italy, 117 cases, entailing 2,941 animals; in Russia, 121,266 cases in 2,446 communes; in Spain, 118,532 animals; in Switzerland, 111 establishments, entailing 1,371 animals. This is foot-and-mouth disease alone; but nearly all of the countries are also afflicted with anthrax, glanders and farcy, swine fever, and various diseases of sheep. In not a few, rabies has appeared, and there is a miscellaneous assortment of diseases which appear to have gone eddying through Continental countries. Our interest in the matter, of course, is that the prevalence of infectious disease among our neighbours renders it so much more easy to carry contagion into this country.

Those of our readers who are interested in antiquarian subjects will probably remember the newspaper "hunting of the Yale" which occurred during the months of April and May of last year. The quarry was found in Hampton Court, and pursued with much zeal by Mr. St. John Hope, the Rev. H. F. Westlake, Mr. Ernest Law and others. They, however, were chiefly interested in the heraldic history of the beast, and the interesting points in the discussion were in regard to the arms on which it appeared. The versatile Master of Christ's College has taken up the running where it was left off by the students of heraldry, and with characteristic resolution has carried out the hunt on the lines of natural history. We have the privilege of printing the results in another part of this issue. It will be generally conceded that Mr. Shipley's paper constitutes one of the most curious pieces of learning that have been published for a long time. It sheds light not only on heraldic devices, but on natural history, on customs, on the origin of superstitions, even on the birth of gods. Probably there is no other case in which a great biological student has worked out so difficult a problem in the antiquarianism of heraldry; but it was a very proper achievement for the Master of Christ's.

### PASSOVER.

The doors of life are two;  
And, on some midnight still,  
The Lord shall pass your way, and do  
According to your will.

For, lo, if your desire  
Be set upon the hearth,  
There He will kindle you a fire,  
Pleasant and of the earth;

And you shall take delight  
For ever in that flame,  
But not again shall come a night  
When He will call your name.

Or, if you count it sin  
That darkness wrap His shrine,  
His breath shall light instead therein  
The spark that is divine;

No shelter from the cold,  
No ease it shall afford—  
But by that gleam you shall behold  
The glory of the Lord.

Now choose you! . . . nor forget,  
Choosing this last alone,  
The blood upon your lintel set  
For sign, must be your own.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

The accounts which come to hand of the effects produced by the coal strike must remind many of the Biblical story of Noah's Flood. It began to rain, and we can imagine the people on the earth at that time saying to one another that the weather was rather moist, but, on the whole, pursuing their usual avocations and making their usual jests. Only as the fountains of the great deep were broken up, the windows of Heaven opened and the rain poured down upon the earth did the seriousness of the situation become impressed on their minds. So when the coal strike broke out, most of us thought there was fuel enough to last till the men came to their senses; but every day that goes past brings forth some striking incident that



impresses on the mind the awfulness of the effects. There is, first of all, that long and dreary list of factories which have had to close down because of want of fuel. It is difficult to read through the lines of figures and realise all they mean; but as we write the bread-winners thrown out of work through no fault of their own are beginning to be numbered by millions. There are the poor, with nothing to eat, whose little stocks of coal are now becoming exhausted and who are forced either to do without warmth or gather and burn wood. There are the railway companies which are dropping more and more trains, so that business men are now finding it difficult to get to town. It was no metaphor on the part of *Punch* when it represented the miners as striking, not only against their employers, but against England.

There is, however, a light side to everything, and indignant as the world may be at the selfish and callous conduct of those who are responsible for this strike, its gloom has been mitigated by some amusing incidents. One was furnished by the great match at Rugby football between England and Scotland, in which Scotland, by a lucky fluke, had the felicity of winning. The match excited a very great interest, and from some of the towns it was determined to run special trains for the purpose of witnessing it. The railway companies could not do this because of the want of fuel, and it is worthy of record that the enthusiasts went to the length of offering to supply the coal themselves if the carriages and engines were placed at their disposal. Old Froissart made the historic remark that Englishmen enjoyed themselves sadly. This may be true, but so also is the statement that in the hour of gloom the British spirit rises above depression. "Out, ye villains, play out the play," said Sir John Falstaff, and that spirit seems to have animated the football enthusiasts of Scotland as much as it did Drake and his fellows when they were at their famous game of bowls at Plymouth Hoe.

From North Charter Land has come to us an account of a curious and interesting experiment. It was directed against that enemy of mankind, the tsetse fly. On an estate a number of Kaffirs were sent out clad in thin calico. This was thickly coated with bird lime. Calico suits similarly covered were made for donkeys. The Kaffir experiment was highly satisfactory. The natives were paid on results of so much per hundred tsetse flies caught. On the estate a bag of seventeen thousand flies was made by a little band of Kaffirs in the course of a single day. The experiment with donkeys did not turn out so well, although the number of tsetse flies caught was considerable. It is thought that the quality of the birdlime was hardly as good as it might have been. With the material at hand it had not been possible to make a lime which would withstand the fierce heat. No doubt this defect will be remedied, and a large extension of the experiment ought to have the effect of diminishing, if it does not exterminate, the insect which has hitherto formed an insurmountable barrier to civilising progress.

Mr. Ellis Griffith did not distinguish himself much by the way in which he received the deputation who waited on him last week about the hydro-aeroplanes on Windermere. After listening to speeches that took an hour to deliver, he devoted about five minutes to answering them, and the greater part of that was occupied in jumping on an unfortunate gentleman who had quoted a verse of Wordsworth. He made it out that the aeroplane when on the water is a boat, and, therefore, under the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade. The Home Office, according to his little joke, deals only with "rising" subjects. To the onlooker it seems a piece of very formal red tape that the same vessel should be under the control of the Board of Trade when going thirty-five miles an hour, and under that of the Home Office when attaining a speed of fifty. His suggestion that aviation should be permitted in the early morning only showed very little acquaintance with the facts that he had to deal with. Either the ferry route across Windermere is a highway or it is not a highway. If it is a highway, it is extremely dangerous to have hydro-aeroplanes, especially those driven by pupils, going over it. The idea of confining aviation to the interval between 5 a.m. and 7.30 a.m. is not very practical. The ferry-boat at present starts at 7 a.m., but its lateness constitutes in itself a grievance, as Kendal Market opens at 9 o'clock, and there is not sufficient time to drive sheep to it after 7 a.m. It is evident that the only way to have the question settled is for those interested in the right of way and the cattle trade to apply for an injunction and have it thrashed out in a court of law. Only it is a hardship that the people who use the ferry, most of whom are poor farmers, should be obliged to go to the expense on account of a thing that has been thrust upon them.

"Shure, yer honour, I shall drink porther from mornin' till night." This heroic resolution was announced by an old Irish gillie in response to a question as to what he would do with himself on St. Patrick's Day. It was, in fact, humorously given, for the said old gillie, though patriotically attracted by the national beverage, appeared in perfectly good order on the great day in question at the river-side ready to gaff his master's fish with an undeviatingly sure hand. The answer, nevertheless, is one which gives the note to an explanation of the continued prosperity of "Guinness," in spite of the general decadence of breweries. It is a common catch for the Englishman, when conversation turns on the great fortune made out of Guinness' Stout, to ask him how much of that fortune he thinks is drawn from Ireland, where the brewery is. His answer usually is, "very little of it." The true answer is that all but a very little comes from Ireland. A love of porter probably is an acquired taste, but that may truly be said of a love of any liquid, except milk and water, and certainly it seems easily and universally acquired in Ireland—and so much the better for Ireland, for it is a wholesome beverage.

#### ON CONDIMENTS.

An Art there is, which to Man's inner reasoning  
Strongly appeals:—the tricky art of seasoning.  
And most men, chiefly for their palates' sake,  
With certain meats certain accessories take.  
As roast pork needs the stimulus of mustard,  
So nutmeg's necessary to the custard:  
Ever so little grated lemon peel  
Lends welcome pungency to scalloped veal.  
Since with boiled mutton all require, of course,  
The acid piquancy of caper-sauce,  
None can presume to call a John Bull "faddish,"  
Because, forsooth, he likes with beef horseradish!  
If with a pinch of cayenne you embellish  
The lobster salad, there's an added relish,  
And jugged hare! Why! it's not jugged hare at all  
Without the jelly and the forcemeat ball!  
Chives in your salad, chutney with cold ham,  
The turkey stuffed, and mint sauce with your lamb!  
You could tell on as fast as you are able,  
Of spicy things that make food palatable.  
Complexities occur, I must confess,  
Since some meats need more flavouring, and some less;  
But general rules, laid down for every feast,  
Declare the wholesome viands need seasoning least;  
And he most healthy, who is best content  
To dine with little, or no condiment.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Some time ago we published a humorous elegy on the last horse omnibus in London, in which the poetess suggested as comfort to the driver that he would come to life again as one among other curiosities in the Lord Mayor's Show. But the poetess was a little too previous. The last bus-driver, as we are reminded by an account that appeared in the papers last week, has not yet disappeared. The occasion illustrates in a curious manner the pleasant gregarious habits of the business Londoner. Fifteen of his "reg'lars" signed a petition to Messrs. Tilling that Old Tom should continue to drive them up to the City of a morning. For nearly thirty years Old Tom has driven his omnibus up to the City, and during the course of this period there has been formed a crew of regular passengers outside and inside, who enjoyed the company of each other and the ride from Balham and Clapham to the City. Old Tom has become an institution to them. In addition to his regular City trip, he has driven to twenty-eight Derbys, and behind a team of white horses has during as many years followed the Lord Mayor's Show. His time appears to be up now, however. We are afraid there is little hope of the petition for his retention being successful. It is not that we object in any way to the progress which is signified by the advent of the motor and the stoppage of the horse omnibus; but not without a wrench do we see the figures that seemed so essential to Old London pass away for ever. They remind us that sights which have become objects of daily familiarity to us will be matters of ancient history to the generation that is now rapidly coming on.

Commenting on some lighter aspects of the calamitous coal strikes, a frequent observation is that the pit ponies must have been cordially enjoying their holiday in the upper air. As a matter of fact, so greatly are horses, like ourselves, creatures



of habit that it is very doubtful whether they will not be really more content when they have returned again to their normal subterranean work. It has been noted, in regard to those ponies which are brought up from the pits from time to time in order to take part in the shows which have been arranged in many mining districts as an incentive to the kind treatment of the animals, that they always give unmistakable signs of

satisfaction when they descend again into the depths and find themselves at the old familiar tasks. The legendary belief that the pit ponies go blind has long been dispelled. It is quite true that when first up from the pit they are for a day or two dazed by the light; but they quickly grow accustomed to it, and it does not seem as if their eyesight was permanently affected in any way by the underground life.

## TEACHING AN OTTER TO TAKE TO WATER.—I.

OTTER cubs do not instinctively take to water, and the parent has to use considerable persuasion, and not infrequently force, before she can induce her progeny to trust themselves off the land. This instruction to enter the water is generally given to the cubs when they are about three to four months old. Recently I became possessed of an otter with a peculiar life-history, in that she had lived for over two years in a rabbit-hutch and had never been in water. This beast has given me a good opportunity of studying, in her particular case, which of her habits are due to instinct and how she differs from the wild otter in consequence of never having received parental instruction.

In July, 1909, a lad and his terrier were on the banks of the Yare near Marlesford. Suddenly the dog went into a hollow in a willow tree and emerged with a dead otter cub in his mouth. The lad examined the hole for other cubs, but could not find any. Next day, however, he caught a young otter about three months old near the tree mentioned. This cub grew up to be the otter whose peculiarities I am about to describe. The young otter next came into the possession of a lodge-keeper, and lived for two years in a large rabbit-hutch, four feet long and two feet wide, with nothing but ordinary wire of one-inch mesh in front of the hutch. Only on one

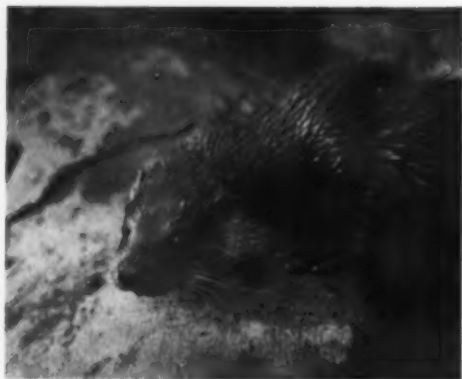


AT DUSK SHE WOULD CREEP OUT.



IN ALARM SHE HID IN THE WATER.

occasion did she try to escape, for when about two years old she bit through the wire and disappeared, but returned to the box on the following day. When in confinement this animal was fed very erratically—scraps of meat off the table of the owner, occasionally a cod's head brought home on market-day, and when there was nothing else she was given parsnips or other vegetable food. In passing I would mention that otters, when driven by hunger, will often eat vegetable food, such as lettuce, etc.; but this food passes through them unaltered, and in no way nourishes them, and is probably only taken by the beast in order to stave off the gnawings of hunger. When I obtained her, the otter was conveyed from Marlesford to Ipswich without leaving her hutch, in order that she should be disturbed as little as possible. On her arrival she was very savage and nervous, and for a day or two would take no food; but very soon she became accustomed to her attendant, and would come to the front of the hutch and feed from his hand. With some difficulty she was then transferred into a tin-lined kennel, and after being in this for a fortnight was conveyed down to my special observation pond, which has been described in *COUNTRY LIFE* of December 2nd, 1911. For the observation of birds and animals under the water I have now entirely closed in this pond, and rocks, shingle and earth have been placed at one end of it, that it may as nearly as possible resemble the bed of a stream. The kennel in which the otter was kept was placed just outside the enclosed pond, so that when the grating in



CURIOSITY.

flower-pot. The otter so much objected to this procedure that at once she shot out of the kennel and retired to a hole purposely left between some big rocks. Here she would lie hidden all day, and at dusk creep out, as depicted in the first illustration. The pond in the enclosure, into which the otter

had been turned, contained some two dozen trout, of about a quarter of a pound in weight (brown trout, Loch Levens and rainbow). For three days the otter was given no food, with the idea of seeing whether she would fish for herself; but the beast made no attempt to go into the water, and had to be fed on land to prevent her starving. When the attendant or myself entered the enclosure the animal became extremely shy, but if cornered would turn on her back, hiss and spit, and on more than one occasion bit

me and the attendant. If dislodged from the corner into which she had retired, she avoided by every means going into the water, but made for some other coign of vantage on land. After a fortnight, the otter became accustomed to her new surroundings; she then fed freely from the hand, but still nothing would induce her to go into the water.

front of the kennel was opened she was free to roam about in the enclosure.

For a week it was found impossible to either induce or to force the otter to leave her box, until the idea suddenly struck the attendant to pour water on to the animal out of a

Next I arranged a shelving bank of shingle in the pond and put food for her at first only an inch or two under the water, which she took. The food was then daily placed at an increasing depth below the surface, until the otter actually walked along

the bottom for it, with some six inches to a foot of water above her; but still she made no attempt to swim. Though the beast did not swim, her aversion to water was now gone, and she spent most of her time paddling about or actually walking on the bottom. Now when alarmed she did not hide

on land, but went into the shallow water under a shelving rock, as shown in the illustration. Further, when the attendant or myself went into the enclosure she would stealthily creep up and smell our boots, and when satisfied that it was only myself or the attendant she would again resume her usual manner.

At this time the severe weather which we experienced during the present winter came on, and the pond was frozen over, except for a small hole which I made in the ice under one of the largest rocks.

The otter had by now become so attached to the water that she would go into this hole, walk along the bottom under the ice, and then reappear at the hole, and in order to keep this hole open she would bite the ice and break off pieces with her teeth. Two illustrations are shown, one of her disappearing into the hole under the ice, and the other of her just coming up



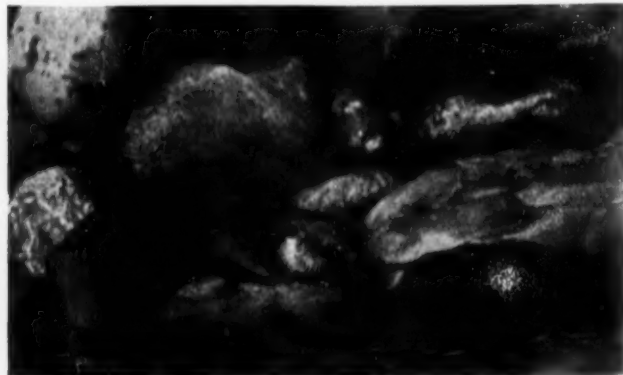
COMING UP THROUGH THE ICE.



SUSPICION.



GOING UNDER THE ICE.



HISSING AT AN INTRUDER.





SHE CAME UP WITH TWO FISH IN HER MOUTH.



BITING OFF FISH'S HEAD.



HOLDING A FISH BETWEEN HER FORE PAWS.



AN INTERRUPTION.

again; in the second illustration a small piece of ice is seen resting on her head. Shortly after, the ice disappeared; but the otter still showed no signs of swimming, and I began to think that she would be no good to me for the purpose of obtaining photographs under the water, showing her methods of fishing and swimming actions. But about a month after she had had the free run of the enclosure, I suddenly surprised her one evening at the water's edge, when she plunged in and swam away, leaving a chain of bubbles behind her, so well known to the otter-hunter. After this she invariably dived for her food when it was thrown into the water.

I now obtained several live roach of about a quarter of a pound in weight, and the first time the otter saw them all her shyness seemed to disappear; she dashed into the water and had one out in a few seconds, and while she was eating it she saw another swim by. Still carrying the first fish, she again plunged in, and on this occasion came out with two in her mouth.

When I obtained this otter she much preferred meat to fish, but when she did eat fish she invariably started by devouring the tail-fin, then the tail and body right down to the head, leaving only the skull. At the present time she is gradually getting into the habit of eating fish in a more orthodox manner, for now, after catching a live roach, she bites off the head and eats it down to the tail; but she still eats the whole of the caudal fin, which is quite contrary to the habits of the wild

otter. Though the otter is now comparatively tame, I have not encouraged friendliness on her part, in order that she may remain as natural as possible. In the photograph of her crouching on a rock with her head down, a strange mixture of nervousness yet determination to attack is well depicted, as she hissed at an intruder into the enclosure. So much on the one hand for the teaching of the adult otter to fish, which instruction in her wild state would have been given her by the parent.

On the other hand, various instinctive habits were as strongly marked in her as they are in the wild otter, notwithstanding the fact that she had been shut up for two years in a rabbit-hutch, such as her dislike to come out in the day, and, further, when driven out, her extreme nervousness and viciousness if approached. At dusk she would come out of her own accord and was much less shy, even approaching individuals entering the enclosure and sniffing at their boots. The playful instinct so well known in the otter was also most marked, for even before



A ROACH TO END WITH.

she took to the water, when she was fed on dead sprats, after she had eaten two or three dozen she would amuse herself by throwing them into the air and catching them. At the present time, after she has devoured six or seven quarter-pound roach, she still continues to catch them, bringing them up on to the bank and then pushing them into the water for the pleasure of catching them again. This playful instinct is so well marked that, though she may have been swearing only a few minutes



before, if the attendant twirls a broom in the water she cannot resist coming to play, swimming round and round in a circle. The otter is now comparatively tame, though she becomes extremely suspicious if she sees anything new, or is introduced into new surroundings. I am at the present time making observations and photographing her fishing under water, and hope in the near future to be able to publish the results.

FRANCIS WARD.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### HORSE-BREEDING AND MENDELISM.

MENDELIAN experiments have been very little applied to horses in the past for two reasons. One is that thorough-bred blood is an expensive material, and the second is that the generation of the horse is uncomfortably long for the eager scientist of to-day. He prefers for his purpose animals that reproduce their kind with great rapidity and whose young mature very soon, so that in a comparatively short time he can show the results of several generations. The former objection has been overcome by the fact that Captain Dealtry C. Part of the 21st Lancers has arranged with the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries a new scheme that will enable them to apply Mendelism to horse-breeding. He and Mr. F. W. Carter, Superintending Inspector of the Board of Agriculture, working together, have been able to get things into shape for work during the present year. Their aim is to utilise the recently discovered Mendelian principles of heredity, in order to make, if possible, a true-breeding race of speedy, staying, weight-carrying thorough-breds, with the necessary jumping temperament. Much is hoped from the stallions of such a breed, as they would give uniform and definite results when used for crossing purposes; whereas the King's premium horse, even when faultless in itself, is often found to have come from a blemished ancestry whose defects he passes on. At the Portsmouth meeting of the British Association in August last it was announced that a true-breeding chaser had been discovered, and little difficulty has been found in securing appropriate females required for the experiment. The following have been purchased:

- Ballymacarney (Royal Meath out of Cinnamon).
- Frigate (Red Prince II. out of Athela).
- Breemount's Pride (Kendal out of Mavourneen).
- Revolving Light (Red Prince II. out of Hawkeye).
- A two year old filly out of a Hackler mare by Creangate.
- A yearling colt out of a Hackler mare by Creangate.
- A yearling colt out of Breemount's Pride by Missel Thrush.

Two of the brood mares will be with Major Hurst at the Burbage Experiment Station, Leicestershire, and the remainder with Captain Part at Haresfoot, Berkhamsted, Herts. With regard to the true-breeding males a temporary difficulty has arisen, because, owing to the common practice of cutting the colts put to chasing, it has been found impossible to find a true-breeding stallion for this season's services. Such suitable true-breeding males as Cackler (since dead), Rathnally, Jenkinstown, Ballymacad, Ballymadun, Ballyhist, Carder, Covertcoat, Flaxseed and Shanawan are all, unfortunately, unavailable for the simple reason that they have been added to the list of geldings. For the present season, therefore, the true-breeding females will have to go to the alternative stallions, St. Aidan and Perigord, and these matings may be expected to give about one-half of the foals of the kind required.

### FRISHNEY CREDIT SOCIETY.

It is good hearing that this society has begun to flourish and is likely to continue doing so. The Report issued by the Board of Agriculture may be summarily given in a paragraph: For the first three years of its working, the society's profits were not enough to pay the secretary's salary of £1, and the net result of the year's working showed a small loss. Since then there has been a profit every year, and at the end of the year 1911 the balance-sheet showed that the total profits up to date amounted to £8 7s. 2d., as follows: Assets, £205 7s. 2d., including £196 out on loan to members; liabilities, £197, of which £152 were due to depositors, £15 to a bank, and £30 to an insurance company. The surplus of £8 7s. 2d., which represents accumulated profits, forms an indivisible reserve fund, and is the property of the society, on which it pays no interest.

To understand the significance of this, we have to remember that this is a society of villagers managed by themselves. The society began with 20 members, and the number gradually increased, till in 1911 there were 33. They include 13 farmers, 6 labourers, 3 farm servants, 2 cottagers, a wheelwright, a blacksmith, a road foreman, a grocer, an overseer, an engine-driver, a builder, the schoolmaster and the Vicar. Twelve of the members are owners of land. Mr. Woodhead has been chairman from the

beginning, the secretary is a road surveyor, and the schoolmaster is treasurer. The committee of seven, who are elected by the members every year, now include two farmers, the Vicar, a grocer, a blacksmith and a labourer. The secretary receives a salary of £1 per annum, but the rest of the work is done free of cost to the society, and the total cost of management, including salary, stationery, affiliation fee to the Agricultural Organisation Society, etc., was only £1 10s. 1d. last year.

The importance of this success lies not so much in the achievement of the society itself, as in the hope which it holds out to other communities. We know that borrowing at exorbitant rates was the ruin of many small holders in the past. A study of the bankruptcy proceedings of the present day will show that it is not an obsolete method of achieving failure in our own time. But what has been done at Frishney can be done elsewhere. That is, a society can be formed which can lend money to its own members at five per cent. (an uncommonly low rate of interest for farmers); it can provide an opportunity of saving to its members; and can build up for itself such a position that it can, on emergency, borrow from the banks on its own credit. The multiplication of such credit societies would be of very great advantage to rural England.

### FORESTRY AND THE ROYAL.

An interesting competition in forestry has been arranged for the Royal Show at Doncaster this year. It is confined to Yorkshire. Among the competitions is one for plantations of not less than two acres confined to estates of which less than three hundred acres are woodland. Another is for plantations not exceeding two acres consisting of Douglas fir and other rarer conifers. A third class is for the best example showing systematic management of existing woodland area, including the renovation and conversion of an unprofitable wood into a thrifty condition.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ERGOT IN GRASS.

SIR,—One of my fields (in Hampshire) is said to be unsafe for the grazing of cows, as there is something in the pasture, so I am assured, which causes cows to slip their calves, and I am told of several instances of this having actually occurred. The reputation of the field would seem to point to the presence of ergot on the grass. Can any of your readers tell me if ergot (which I understand to be in the nature of a fungus) is an affection which may recur year after year in a particular piece of pasture, and if so whether there is any known method of dealing with it. I may say that none of the surrounding land suffers from the same evil reputation.—L.

[Ergot would have this effect if it is present. This fungus, however, only attacks grasses in flower, so that you could check its ravages by cutting the grass down before the flowering heads show themselves. On the other hand, there may be some other cause at work. We know very little yet about epizootic abortion, and it may be a case of this kind.—ED.]

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE GRAVETYE PERGOLAS.—A PERGOLA OF VINES.

THE reason for this pergola was to get from the garage to the servants' offices in the house. The ground was so steep behind that one could not get by the north side, so had to go in by the east side; and inasmuch as the path was in front of the dining-room windows, it was necessary to screen it from view. This was done with a rough-and-ready pergola for Vines. The pergola was bent round the hill for easier grade and the avoidance of steps. The supports are all of stub Oak got in the woods, tough old trees that have now done their work well for over twenty years. The difficulty with most kinds of wood is that it begins to decay at the bottom in time, and so it has become desirable to replace it with a more permanent support, which I hope soon to do. The wood we used was the most lasting one could find. Any brick pillar would have been wrong here, as it would have been too heavy.

It will be seen from the situation that there is not much chance of the Vines running riot in rich soil, seeing that they are on the top of dry walls, and no food is allowed them except the ordinary soil of the place. To give manure to everything, often in excess, is so common a practice that occasionally it is well to get away from it. In planting Vines we should not use any rank manure. It must be understood that these Vines are only there for beauty of colour. In our country, in warm valleys and good soils we are able to grow a few kinds in the open air, but the beauty of their foliage is so great that they are well worth the trouble. Some complain that the Vines they plant do not always give the same fine colour, and sometimes this is owing to excess of manure.

The banks on each side are supported by a dry wall, in which we put a number of the ordinary alpine flowers, which covered it and softened the look of the wall in a few months. The plants suffer a good deal from the dense summer shade of the Vines; but, still, they have struggled on very prettily for many years.

The climbers consisted mainly of the Vines, with a great Indian wild Rose, white Wistaria and a few other climbers of common kinds; but the Vines swept over the pergola and made it their own, and nothing could have exceeded their effect of autumn colour. The old Virginian Creeper or the new creeper that has taken its place are as nothing to them in value of colour.

The Vines we used are those from China and Japan, the most important of which are *Vitis Coignetiae* and Anthony Waterer's *V. Thunbergii*. These noble kinds for foliage alone, to say nothing of the gorgeous colour in the autumn, are very striking, free and hardy. They are planted over trees as well as over the pergola, and in every case give very fine colour. With them are others, chiefly of French origin, one called *Teinturier*, which in our country is generally one of the kinds called "Claret" Vines; but in France there are six or seven kinds of coloured Vines, all different, and some of them used for our purpose have very beautiful leaves rich in colour. The very recently introduced Vines from Japan and China have not been tried long enough for one to be able to speak well of them, and some

extent the bareness that is frequently associated with the rock garden at those seasons. A charming little shrub for this purpose, and one that does not seem to be at all well known, is the dwarf form of the common Rosemary known as *Rosmarinus prostrata*. This has the old-world fragrance that renders the taller-growing kind so delightful, and, indeed, only differs from it in habit and somewhat smaller foliage. Instead of forming the columnar bushes that we so often see in old-fashioned cottage gardens, the prostrate variety keeps close to Mother Earth, and at all seasons is a source of satisfaction to its owner. In late spring, when lavishly bedecked with its quaint lavender blue flowers, this little shrub is second to none. It should be given a rather warm position and porous soil, yet it ought not to be so placed that it will suffer from drought during the scorching days of summer. If these points are borne in mind, it is not more difficult to grow than the tall Rosemary, and need not be confined to the rock garden. For instance, as an edging to the herb garden it would be delightful, or it might with advantage be planted by a doorstep where the tall-growing kind cannot be accommodated. Sweet-smelling shrubs are none too plentiful, and we ought to make the fullest use of those which are available. H.

#### CORRESPONDENCE, EARLY FLOWERING PLANTS.

SIR,—Your correspondents' references to the early flowering of plants lead me to inform you of an exceptional example in these latitudes. In autumn



A PERGOLA OF VINES.

of them are too delicate for this bold kind of work. The leaves of the Vines we use are so large that any competition with them of other more delicate trailers is out of the question. The colour is finest in September and October, and as the pergola is a long one, the effect is that of a lovely river of colour. It is good from every point of view, but to see it at its best we have to go up to the top storey of the house and look down.

The colour of the French Vines (*Teinturier*) is so striking and the foliage so graceful that it is well worth looking for them. Nurserymen in our country generally raise only one kind of French Vine by the one name of "Claret"; but there are at least half-a-dozen different Vines in certain regions of France in which there is this pretty colour of foliage, and it may be that among the Hungarian, South German and Austrian Vines there are others with the same fine charm.

WM. ROBINSON.

#### A ROSEMARY FOR THE ROCK GARDEN.

EVEN during its brightest periods the rock garden owes something to the dwarf-growing shrubs which are usually planted between the large boulders, and during the winter and late summer months such shrubs relieve to a great

I planted out of doors here some camellias in the hope of disproving or modifying the dictum of a high authority that "they cannot be so grown quite successfully in the Home Counties." This is a very old-fashioned Georgian house and garden, and, to give the better chance, I chose an old-fashioned variety, *anemone flora*. The position was quite unenclosed, the only shelter being from the coldest of our winds on this hilltop by a belt of shrubs, and even in the week of sharp frosts no protection was given either to the stems or roots. And for the last week or ten days there has been a profusion of flowers, as many as upwards of a hundred in full bloom, and many more buds. The season has, of course, been exceptionally favourable to early florescence—the *cydonia japonica* and other examples have been in full flower for weeks—but I know the North of Italy well and have found that climatically there can be little difference, the periods of flowering on the shores of Lake Maggiore and in the valley of the Lower Thames being very much coincident in the case of the magnolias, etc.—ALBERT ROLLIT, St. Ann's Hill, near Chertsey-on-Thames.

#### THREE VIOLETS ON ONE STEM.

SIR,—I enclose three violets growing on one stem. Is not this somewhat exceptional? I shall be greatly obliged if you will let me know whether you have heard of a similar occurrence.—F. HOLFORD.

[This is a case of fasciation, or the growing together of two or more stems. Although common in such flowers as lilies and the foxglove, it is very unusual in the violet.—Ed.]





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## AN AMATEUR HOME-HELP.

BY  
ELLA C. SYKES.



THE Colonial Intelligence League for Educated Women was the outcome of a letter written to *The Times* of May, 1910, by the Hon. Mrs. N. Grosvenor.

She spoke of the great preponderance of women over men in the British Isles, and pointed out that if girls would go to the Colonies they would find far more opportunities of well-paid work than they could do in England. After reading the letter I joined the League and offered to go to Canada as an honorary delegate in order to collect information. A candid onlooker, however, persuaded me to go for part of the time in the character of a working-woman, and the following paper is an account of one out of five experiences as a home-help. I have, of course, altered the names of my employers and have given no clue as to their place of residence. My opinion is that the term "home-help" is merely a euphemism for maid-of-all-work, and as such is not a suitable post for an educated woman. The work is incessant, and as five pounds a month is about the highest salary that can be commanded, I should advise girls to use the position as a stepping-stone to something better.

The neighbourhood to which I now betook myself was supposed to be one that afforded great openings for the home-help, and I felt sure that I should speedily find a post. As usual, I went to insert my advertisement in the newspaper, and when the editor heard my errand he gave me an address to which to write, and pointed out a situation that might suit me in last week's issue. Would I take a place where there were many children? Remembering how tired I had got of the perpetual clamour of the juvenile Browns in my last post, I frankly confessed that I preferred their absence to their presence. With that he looked at me with the most reproachful face, and without a ghost of a smile exclaimed, "And you a woman!"

I confess that I should like to have enquired whether he had any of his own.

I was put into touch with a lady whom, I was told, might possibly help me to get what I wanted, and she kindly gave me an interview. She said that she had spoken to two or three of her friends about my case, but that I must not dream of being treated as one of the family in this district, and must have my meals apart, and so on. I answered that I had heard that lady-helps were much in request in the neighbourhood; but this she denied emphatically.

"They are only wanted on the prairie or in lonely places, but here we have our own friends, and wish to have our family life to ourselves," she said, with considerable decision.

I quite saw the matter from her point of view, as I should much dislike to have an unknown stranger as part of my home circle, but, all the same, my heart sank as she continued, "Of course, if you got on really well with your mistress, she might relax her rule and admit you to a partial intercourse in time; but, believe me, you will be far happier if you will take a situation as a general servant," and with that she dismissed me.

I felt absurdly depressed as I walked away, but, as has happened again and again during my journey, an unexpected bit of kindness came to cheer me up. A ramshackle shandrydan, drawn by a donkey, and with a ladder sticking out behind, rattled along the road, and in it sat an old man and a boy.

"I suppose you wouldn't care to accept a lift?" said the aged Jehu.

"Indeed, I should be very grateful for one," was my reply, and I scrambled, awkwardly enough, into what is known as a "democrat." The old man had come in his youth from a part of England that I knew, and enquired most kindly as to my business in the neighbourhood. He urged me to call at every ranch in the district and offer my services; but though I did not feel equal to doing this, his friendliness was most cheering, and by the time that I had extricated myself from his funny little trap, my forlorn feeling had quite vanished.

A Mrs. Downton, an Englishwoman, called next day to engage my services, and I asked for details of the work. She wished me to do all the cooking and cleaning of the house and to look after her children on two afternoons of the week. Could I have a room to myself, an hour or two off during the afternoon, and should I be

treated as one of the family? I asked. She agreed to all these conditions, but her whole manner was that of a superior to one vastly her inferior, and I saw at once that I was "up against" the English "caste" system.

I had been one of the family almost more than I wished elsewhere, and wondered how it would feel to be treated as a menial; accordingly I prudently offered my services for just a week if she cared to accept them for so short a period. As she was hard up for help at the time, she agreed, and offered me wages at the rate of fifteen dollars (three pounds) a month.

The time of my arrival coincided with the departure of the last "girl," and the leave-taking between mistress and maid was anything but cordial; then Mrs. Downton led me into the kitchen and, pointing to a paper fastened to the door, said, "Here are my rules for the work of each day," and showed me my room (comfortable, save for the lack of a chair or any place to put my things, except a few nails on the door), and told me to prepare supper as soon as I had taken off my hat and jacket. This was eaten at seven o'clock in the dining-room, and in my capacity as lady-help I sat at table with the husband and wife, their small boy and the "man," a depressed-looking young fellow who hardly ever opened his lips.

As Mr. Downton, kind and pleasant from first to last, was conversationally inclined, I quite forgot my inferior position, and chatted away during the meal, though I had had rather a blow as I entered the room.

"Does she eat with us?" had been the remark of Master Tom, the elder hope of the family, and he stared at me, greatly surprised as I took my place.

I cleared away after supper, and during the washing-up Mrs. Downton looked into the kitchen and asked very stiffly whether I would care to sit with her husband in the drawing-room. I politely declined this honour, and immediately her manner became less glacial, so great was her relief, poor woman! This was the first and last occasion that I was invited to enter the family circle save at mealtimes.

Next morning I was in the kitchen by half-past five and, to my relief, the stove behaved well, and I lit it with no trouble (here, as in many parts of Canada, only wood was used) and set about cooking porridge and bacon, making toast and laying the table. All was ready by half-past six and the family assembled. When I got into the dining-room (I was always a little late, as I had to wash my hands and remove my apron after dishing-up), everyone was eating busily and there was no chair for me, and, by no means for the first time, I straightway forgot that I was a home-help. "May I have a seat, please?" I asked, in a tone that brought the two men to their feet in a second, and Mr. Downton rushed into another room to supply my need!

When breakfast was cleared away, I started on my daily round of sweeping. Carpets had to be cleaned with one implement, the linoleum and matting had a special broom, and the rooms with only bare boards another. Then all the skirting had to be wiped round with a dry cloth, and it was in vain that I begged leave to use a damp one, as the dust merely flitted from one place to settle in another.

After this operation I was told to do the bedrooms, and when they were finished it was time to peel potatoes for dinner and supper, and to begin preparing the substantial mid-day meal. That over and the washing-up accomplished, I made a cake and blanc-mange for supper, and as it was now close on four o'clock, I was allowed my freedom till half-past five. A good part of this precious time was occupied with my toilette (it was very cursory in the mornings), and then I rested, as I had a "crick" in my back.

A friend was expected to supper that evening, so we had soup, fish, meat and sweets, and I had to change the plates, bring in the dishes, and wash up the fish-plates to do duty for the pudding course, as the crockery ran short. My fellow-hireling and I were left entirely out of the conversation; not that my employers were in the least unkind—it was merely that we were dependants and, therefore, did not count.

During my stay I met a home-help who spoke enthusiastically of the way in which her employer treated her; but on enquiry I found

that the lady was a Canadian and, therefore, had not the English "caste" ideas. My acquaintance assured me that she would not have been treated as well as she was in any other household in that district, and said that she would dissuade all girls from coming to this particular neighbourhood as lady-helps, and I quite agreed with her. Certainly the English do not always appear to understand the home-help in the way that the Canadian does. Another girl when acting in that capacity to an English family in a different part of the Dominion told me that besides her work as cook, parlour-maid and housemaid combined, she had actually to wait upon the children's nurse, a woman socially much her inferior. The master of the house came home for week-ends, and during his spare time used to chop up a quantity of wood, which he imagined would last until his return. As it only held out for three or four days, my poor friend was reduced to "grovelling about for wood," as she expressed it, before preparing any meal, and not only had she to cook and serve the usual three meals a day, but this family insisted on having a substantial afternoon-tea with cakes and scones.

The lady of the house gave her no help in any way, very unlike the Canadians, and she was sure that had she stayed on for any length of time her health would have broken down, and she herself would have lost all care for her personal appearance. The poor girl looked perfectly worn out when I met her, and said that she wished she could send her experiences to some magazine in order to warn girls against going as home-helps unless their posts were carefully selected for them. She had come out from England full of hope, and had imagined that her work would have been varied with social distractions, such as tennis, driving or dances. Certainly, as there are ten men to one woman west of Winnipeg, she was not unreasonable in her expectation of some amusement; but, alas! she was thoroughly disappointed, and the Dominion had no charms for her.

The Canadian air is so bracing that I rolled out of bed at five o'clock every morning, without much effort, and though I was certainly tired in the evening (Mrs. Downton's was considered to be a hard place in the neighbourhood), yet I slept so well that it did not matter.

The "man" who worked on the farm brought in wood and water every morning, and emptied the kerosene can, which served as a receptacle for kitchen refuse. He slept in a tent near the house, and it was surprising how neat and clean he always looked in spite of a good deal of hard work. He and I, of course, became friendly at once, "a fellow feeling . . ." and I was also sorry for him, as he seemed so depressed and shy. We generally exchanged a few words while I stirred the porridge or fried the bacon for breakfast, and one morning he told me he was going to try his luck elsewhere, and asked whether I was staying on.

When I answered in the negative he said, fervently, "Oh, I was sure that this place would *never* suit you"; but I let the remark pass, as I did not want to discuss our joint employers in their own kitchen!

On Saturday I had to work my hardest, as not only were there special cleaning operations, but I had to cook everything for dinner and supper in order to devote myself to the baby during the afternoon, when the Downtons went off to a party. All instructions as to baby's bottles, his undressing and putting to bed were given to me, and I hoped to have a peaceful time reading and writing in the verandah with the child sleeping in his "pram." This programme, however, was by no means carried out. Baby was easily amused as I washed and put away the dinner things, but when the time came for him to take his first bottle there ensued frantic struggles, yells, apparently of fury, and an unmistakable determination not to take his milk and barley-water. Feeling that I was somehow in fault, I warmed the bottle again and again, and only after a weary hour with much rocking of the perambulator did he condescend to take some nourishment. This incident had spoilt his temper, so my ideas of reading and writing were quite dissipated, and I had to soothe his screams as best I could.

With the second bottle there ensued the same scene as with the first, and in the middle of it all little Tom came howling to me to say that the two dogs were killing the sweetest little kitten that had been a real joy to me in the kitchen. Baby and bottle were deserted, and I flew after the boy, to find the "man" already there and driving the dogs off, but, alas, it was too late. Tom had set the dogs again and again upon one or other of the cats in spite of all that his parents or I could say, and now I turned upon him and "spoke my mind," only wishing that I could have whipped him soundly for his cruelty. I think, however, that the sight of poor Kitty lying dead made a far greater impression than any word of mine.

Baby's yells made me hasten back to my charge, who had to be rocked and carried about until it was time to put him and Tom to bed, giving the latter his supper. It was a great relief when my youngest charge finally dropped off to sleep; and when Mrs. Downton returned she discovered that she had put no sugar into his bottles, so his conduct was amply accounted for. She was full of sympathy for her "poor darling," but had none for the home-help who had passed a most harassing afternoon in consequence of her mistress's negligence. I wonder if that editor who reproved me had ever been in charge of an enraged baby?

On Sunday, the Day of Rest, though there was no possibility of going to church, I hoped to have part of the afternoon to myself, according to the arrangement when I was engaged, and I felt

decidedly "put upon," as the servants say, when Mrs. Downton asked me to look after Baby again, as she and her husband had another party on hand. She had the grace to apologise, but I replied—somewhat contemptuously, I fear—"As I am only here for a week, I will do anything you please; but if I were staying on, I should certainly make conditions with you." My employer was a woman constitutionally unable to see things from any point of view but her own, and I felt that any girl who went to her as a lady-help would have a dreary existence—all work and no play.

There were guests invited to dinner twice during the week I was there, and though it did not matter to me, yet I could imagine some girl, every whit as well-bred as her employer, washing up in the kitchen, and always debarred from the talk and laughter going on in the drawing-room. It would not be of much benefit to the lady-help to know that dances and other kinds of social distractions took place, as Mrs. Downton would never dream of letting her have a share of any amusement. When I arrived in her house, a lady was staying there for two or three days, and apparently would have departed without any leave-taking if her hostess had not appeared somewhat unexpectedly.

"Are you going off?" she enquired.

"Yes; good-bye," was the laconic answer; and I felt that my own farewell would be much after the same pattern.

Up to now I had never done the washing of all the dishes and pots and pans alone. It is the usual kindly Canadian custom to share it, the home-help doing the washing and the mistress the drying.

Here I had to wash up everything after each of the three meals, and I found it a very monotonous business, and sympathised with the lady who asked another in the railway carriage, "Have you a great antipathy to washing?" the ensuing conversation revealing that it was not the cleansing of the person, but that of pots and pans to which she was alluding. Here, besides the usual greasy saucepans and frying-pans were the pots in which the remains of Baby's food turned to a gluey mass unless they were washed at once.

My hands got ingrained with dirt, as my rubber gloves had played me false by tearing themselves somehow or other into ribbons, and my housemaid's gloves were useless for the wash-ups. I shivered to look at my nails, which had got extremely brittle, besides being dirty, and from the first I was never free of a burn somewhere or other, and fear that one on my arm, where I brushed an almost red-hot stove-pipe, and another on the back of my hand, caused by steam from a big kettle, will remain as mementoes of my Canadian tour to the end of my days.

One morning I was rather pluming myself on having done the breakfast extra well, as I had made soda scones and fried the bacon to a turn, but, alas, pride had a fall, for the porridge was as salt as brine! I had, with gross carelessness, shaken in salt from the bag instead of measuring it, and I felt terribly ashamed of myself for ruining the *pièce de résistance* of the meal. To do them justice, my victims behaved nobly to me, Mr. Downton merely asking me to taste my own share, and laughing when he saw my face of disgust, and Mrs. Downton saying that she had burnt the porridge more than once.

It was the small-fruit season, and we had strawberries and cream galore. I enjoyed picking the berries and "hulling" them with a little pair of nippers for my employer to make her jam for the year, as it was a pleasant change from working indoors.

As my week drew to its close, my mistress got more and more friendly, and I felt sorry for her, as I saw that in many ways her life was a hard one.

One evening she had an accident which softened my heart towards her considerably. She was going with some food down into the cellar, which was used as larder and dairy, when a cracked step, that had always made me nervous, suddenly broke right across, and she and the pudding were precipitated to the bottom. Fortunately, no bones were broken, though the poor thing was much bruised and shaken, yet marvellously plucky about her mishap.

She had not heard of anyone to replace me, and asked whether I knew of any agency to which she could apply for another lady-help. I told her bluntly that her place was only suitable for a general servant; but I could not help sympathising with her longing to get someone to whom she could confide her children, as she was badly in need of a holiday. The constant round of monotonous work was telling on her, and I saw that she was getting into that state of frenzied activity that appears to seize upon so many women in Canada, and after a while makes repose, save at night, almost an impossibility to them. But, sorry as I was for her, yet I could not meet her halfway when she unbent, because I felt that any penniless girl who had gone to her under the impression that she was to be treated as one of the family would have had a rude awakening when she realised that she would never see anyone or be taken anywhere.

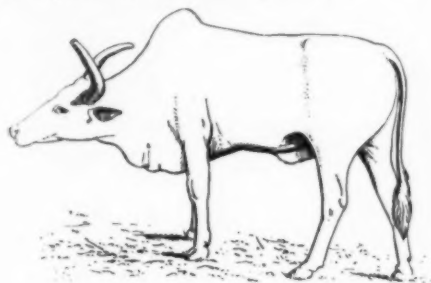
I had a small triumph on the last day when she offered me something over and above my wages because I had been "so good and kind and such a stand-by." Though I refused the extra money, yet I was gratified, and would have liked to have said something nice to her as we shook hands at parting. But I could not, for before me rose the vision of the lot that she would mete out to any girl who might come to her as lady-help, and I hardened my heart and made my farewells cold and formal, though it went against the grain to do so.



# THE HUNTING OF THE YALE.

By A. E. SHIPLEY, F.R.S.

ZOOLOGICALLY speaking, the elder Pliny is undoubtedly the "author" of the yale.\* He first described the animal in such a manner that it could be recognised—as a yale—by any intelligent person who came across one.



1. MAJOK, THE LEADER OF THE HERD.  
Horns trained forwards and backwards.

Pliny describes the animal as bred among the Ethiopians :

Apud eosdem et quae vocatur eale, magnitudine equi fluvialis, cauda elephantis, colore nigra vel fulva, maxillis apri, maiora cubitalibus cornua habens mobilia quae alterna in pugna sistuntur eaque infesta aut obliqua,

utrumque ratio monstravit. (Nat. Hist., VIII., 21, pages 73 and 74.)

Pliny wrote "Natural History," as Dumas père wrote novels, with the aid of an unrestricted imagination and an unlimited supply of secretaries, understudies or "ghosts." Pliny was in the habit of having books read to him—probably in the bath—and later in the day he dictated to his crowd of scribes what he remembered and digested. In spite of his uncritical mind and uncritical methods, and in spite of his unbridled fancy, he can hardly have invented the yale. He may have derived the



2. OXEN WITH HORNS TWISTED IN DIFFERENT WAYS.  
From a late Egyptian painting.

animal from some lost writer on natural history, such as Antipater of Tarsus ; but, at any rate, he serves as a fixed point from which we may start our yale-hunt, both backward into antiquity and forward into the Christian era.

The scant references to yales in pre-Plinian times begin with Aristotle, who, in discussing the proboscis of the elephant, remarks :

επει δ' αδυνατον ην ειναι τον μυκτηρα τοιουτον μη μαλακον οντα μηδε κομπησθαι δυναμενον (ενεπαυδιζε γαρ αν τω μηκει προς το λαζειν την ευραθεν τροφην, καθαπερ φασι τα κερата τοις οπισθονομους βουσιν και γαρ εκεινους νεμεσθαι φασιν υποχωρουντας παλιν πυγηδον. ("De Partibus Animalium." II., 16, 15.)

Dr. William Ogle, who kindly drew my attention to this passage, has translated it thus :

Now it would have been impossible for this nostril to have the form of a proboscis, had it been hard and incapable of bending. For its very length would then have prevented the animal from supplying itself with food, being as great an impediment as the horns of



3. PAINTING IN THE TEMPLE AT LUXOR.  
1300—1234 B.C.

certain oxen, that are said to be obliged to walk backwards while they are grazing. (The italics are mine, not Aristotle's.)

To the hunter of yales the last two lines are significant. What were these oxen whose horns projected in front of the head so as to impede their forward progress while grazing? Here, again, Dr. Ogle helps us with a reference to Herodotus. This traveller tells us that ten days from Augila (the name of this town appears in *The Times* map of the seat of the Turkish-Italian War under the name of Aujila), lying north of the Libyan Desert, close to the south-eastern border of the Vilayet of Tripoli, is a region :

και ανθρωποι οικουσι εν αυτω τοιςι ονομα Γαράμαντες εστι, εθνος μεγα ισχυρος, οι επι των αλα γην επιφοριοντες οτω σπειρουσι, συντομωτατον δεσσι εν τοις Λωτοφάγους, εκ των τρηκοντα ημερων εν αυτοις οδος εστι εν τοιςι και οι οπισθονομοι βους γινονται. οπισθονομοι δι δια ταδε ειναι, τα κερνα εχουσι κεκυφωτα εν το εμπροσθε δια τουτο οπισω αναχωριοντες νεμονται εν γαρ το εμπροσθε οκ αις τε εισι προεμβαλλοντων εν την γην των κερων. (From Stein's edition of "Herodotus," Book IV., 183. Berlin, 1877.)

This is translated by Rawlinson as follows :

This region is inhabited by a nation called the Garamantians, a very powerful people, who cover the salt with mould, and then sow their crops. From thence is the shortest road to the Lotophagi, a journey of thirty days. In the Garamantian country are found the oxen which, as they graze, walk backwards. This they do because their horns curve outwards in front of their heads, so that it is not possible for them when grazing to move forwards, since in that case their horns would become fixed in the ground. (From Rawlinson's edition of "Herodotus," Vol. III., pages 132 and 133. London, 1862. Book IV., c. 183.)

Rawlinson appends the following footnote :

No oxen of this kind have been observed by modern travellers, though the same account is given by many of the ancients. (Alex. Mynd., ap. Athen. V. 20, p. 221, E.; Plin. H. N. VIII., 45; Mela, I. 8.) Heeren conjectures that the horns were made to grow in this way. The neatherds of Africa, he says, frequently amuse themselves in giving an artificial form to the horns of their cattle, by continually bending them. (At. Nat. I., p. 222, E. T.) But it is difficult to assign a motive for their giving them so inconvenient a shape.

The country of the Garamantians is identified by many authorities with the modern Feyzan, where is found a ruined city, Germa (Garama), the ancient capital.

The statement in Rawlinson's note just quoted, to the effect that "no oxen of this kind have been observed by modern



4. PAINTING IN THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES II.  
1300—1234 B.C.



5. TWO OXEN AT THE HEAD OF A HERD.  
From a painting, 2000—1800 B.C.

travellers," is no longer correct. During the correspondence about the yale which took place in the columns of *The Times* in the early part of the summer of 1911, Dr. C. G. Seligmann drew my attention to the existence of domesticated cattle, with horns running "fore and aft," amongst the powerful tribe of Dinkas who occupy a great territory in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, to the south of the White Nile. Their cattle are artificially mutilated, and their horns are "trained forward and backward." Dr. Seligmann kindly gave me a photograph of one of these oxen, an outline of which is given in Fig. 1. All the Dinka

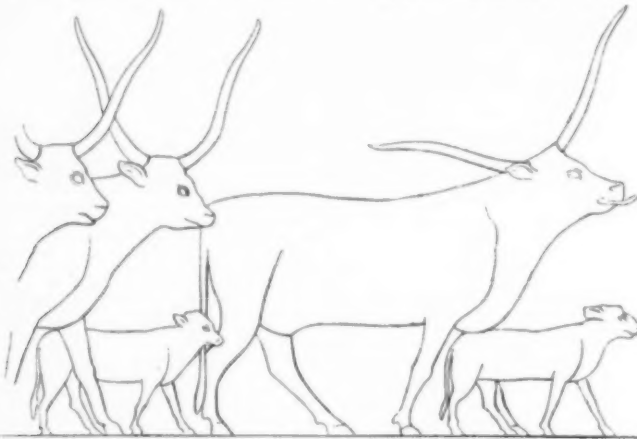
\* The name of the animal is probably connected with the Hebrew 'ayyal, which, I understand, is translated by the word "hart" in the Bible, and is doubtless connected with the Arabic 'ayyal, or even more probably, as a learned friend tells me, with yā-'ēl, the Hebrew for wild goat.

cattle, which belong to the African variety of *Bos indicus*, are not treated in this way, only the leader of the herd, who is always an ox and never a bull. This leader is called a "majok,"



6. PAINTING IN THE TOMB OF MANEFER. 2700 B.C.

and there is never more than one majok in each herd at one time. Rarely cows act as leaders, and, though they may be highly trained, the term "majok" is never applied to them. The herdsmen have a deep affection for their majoks, and it is a compliment to the Dinka young men to apply the term "majok" to them. It seems to be applied much as we used to use the term "buck." The two horns of the "majok" are by the Dinkas artificially trained to point one forward and the other backward. This is done by slicing away the anterior base of the young and growing horn which is to project forwards, and the posterior part of the base of the other horn. Probably a certain amount of pressure is also brought to bear. Dr. Seligmann also drew my attention to certain figures of cattle with horns directed "fore and aft," which occur in Egyptian paintings, and



8. THE LEADER OF THE HERD. From the Tomb of Thenty, 2800 B.C.

with the assistance of Mr. F. W. Green of Jesus College, without whose aid in this matter I could have done nothing, I have collected a series of heads which show that this method of treating the horns of cattle is of great antiquity.

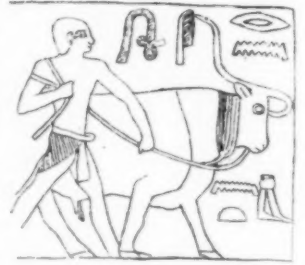
Fig. 2 represents the heads of three oxen in which the horns apparently and I think really are twisted different ways. (Lepsius. Denkm. aus Egypt. u. Æthiop. XV. Bl. 29.) It is Meroitic, from Bakawaria or Kabushia in the Soudan, and probably dates from the Græco-Roman period, 100 B.C. to 200 A.D.

My next illustration is taken from a photograph of the walls of the Temple at Luxor (Fig. 3). It is incomplete, and in some ways inexplicable. There is the outline of a human head, with a somewhat elaborate headdress, emerging between the base of the two horns. The extremity of the left horn ends in what seems to be a hand; that of the right has been cut away. It may, of course, be argued that these processes represent arms only, and not horns; but the absence of any indication of shoulder, elbow and wrist, and, above all, the relative proportions of these parts to the human head and to the ox's head, encourage me in the belief that the artist meant them to represent horns, and for some mysterious purpose let them end in hands, or perhaps in gloves. It is possible that these animals are merely fantastically decorated animal tribute brought to the King of Egypt as offerings to the god Amon. No one who has studied Egyptian drawings can fail to be impressed by the sense of proportion and of the value of relative size that the artists of those

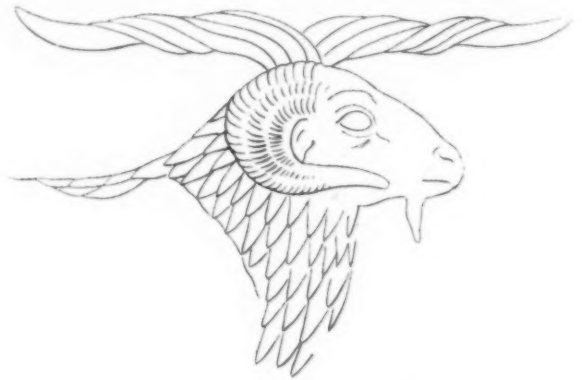
times showed. It is not without significance that this ox just mentioned is being led by a company of Ethiopians, among whom, according to Pliny, the yale is bred. Mr. F. W. Green tells me the "hands" are probably gloves, and that he knows of another instance where the tips of horns were ensheathed in gloves. The date of this drawing is the New Kingdom, Rameses II.'s nineteenth dynasty, roughly 1300—1234 B.C. Fig. 4 shows another head taken from the Temple of Rameses II., and of the same date as the preceding.

I attach very especial importance to Figs. 5 and 8. Fig. 5 shows the heads of two oxen, but though the whole herd is not included in my reproduction, these two oxen were walking at the head of a company of many beasts.

It will be noticed that the leader, the one on the left, who goes first, has its horns "fore and aft." The other ox has its horns sloping backwards, and this is the case with every other member of the herd. It has been said to me, over and over again, that the anteriorly and posteriorly



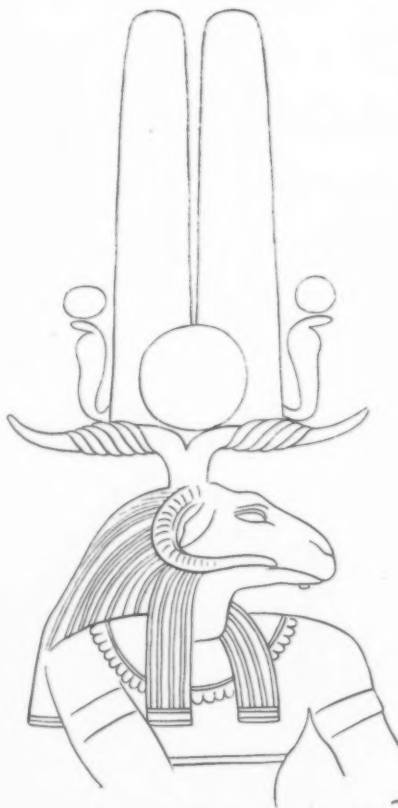
7. FROM THE TOMB OF NSER-NETER AT SAGGARA. 2700 B.C.



9. FOUR-HORNED RAM (?). Posterior horns trained fore and aft.

directed horns, not only in the Egyptian pictures but also in the mediæval representations of the yale, are due to ignorance on the part of the artist of the science of perspective. Yet here we find the leader of the herd with horns "fore and aft," the followers all with horns sloping backwards. It will be recollected that the modern "majok" is always the leader, and that it alone among the Dinkas has its horns modified. Another fact which convinces me that the Egyptian artists not only knew, but also drew what they saw, is that in the numerous pictures of asses and of the solid-horned ruminants that have come down to us, the ears of the asses and the horns of the Cervidæ invariably, as far as I have been able to see, slope the normal way.

This (Fig. 5) is taken from Prisse's "D'Avenue Histoire de l'Art Egyptien," and is of the Middle Kingdom, twelfth dynasty, 2000—1800 B.C. Fig. 6 (Lepsius, Bd. III., Ab. II., Bl. 70), another "cow with a crumpled horn," is from the Tomb of Manefer, and is of the Old Kingdom, fifth dynasty, 2700 B.C. Fig. 7 is again from the fifth dynasty, and is taken from the east wall of the Tomb of Nser-Neter at Saggara. (Saggara Mastabas. Egyptian Research Account. Tenth year. 1904. Pl. 22.) Fig. 8, like Fig. 5, represents the leader of a herd. The angles the horns make one with another are very different in the leader from those in the followers. Only two of the latter are represented, but the rest of the following cattle have horns precisely similar to these. This picture (Lepsius, Bd. III., Ab. II., Bl. 31) is from the Tomb of Thenty of the Old Kingdom, fourth dynasty, 2800 B.C.



10. HEAD OF THE GOD AMON. Compare Nos. 9 and 11.



I hope that I have now succeeded in showing that this practice of mutilating or changing the direction of the horns of the hollow-horned ruminants comes down in parts of Ethiopia from a vast antiquity to the present time, and that it may very well have been the tissue upon which Pliny embroidered his phantastic conception of the "eale."

I am on much less sure ground when I suggest that Fig. 9 is a four-horned ram whose posterior horns have been trained "fore and aft." The figure is taken from Prisse (Atlas I.), and is of the New Kingdom, eighteenth dynasty, 1449-1423 B.C. A similar head, now of a god, Amon, is shown in Fig. 10, taken from Lepsius (Bd. IX., Ab. IV., Bl. 81). This is from the Roman period, about the time of Otho. In Fig. 11 (Bd. V., Ab. III., Bl. 63), from an earlier period, the eighteenth dynasty, we have a human head with a similar arrangement of horns, but here the perspective is obviously at fault, for while the head is in profile, the headdress seems to be seen *en face*.

I believe I have succeeded in making a case for the yale being derived from rumours of these mutilated cattle among "the Ethiopians," and certainly I believe I have shown the practice of training horns is a very ancient one.

Let us now return to Pliny senior, and here we are met with a slight difficulty, for Pliny senior evidently knew his Herodotus, or at least his Garamantians, for he tells us: "Boves animalium soli et retro ambulantes pascuntur, apud Garamantas quidem hand aliter." (Hist. Nat., VIII., page 45.) "Oxen alone only among (the) animals feed walking backward, among the Garamantians it is never otherwise." Pliny, who flourished, as the phrase is, from A.D. 23 to 79, apparently recognised no connection between the Garamantian *ἀπὸ πρὸς ὀπίσθιον* and the eales; but, as we have said before, Pliny was an uncritical recorder of what was read to him day by day, and it is easy to understand that in this and many other cases he described what may have been the same thing twice.

We now come to a period in history when tradition was more accounted of than observation; when the written word had more weight than direct observation. Pomponius Mela, the earliest Roman geographer (circa A.D. 43), who wrote "De Situ Orbis," records "Apud Garamantes etiam armenta sunt ea, quæ obliqua cervice pascuntur, nam pronis directa in humum cornua afficiunt." "Among the Garamantes also are there of cattle which graze with their necks awry, for their horns being directed downwards hinder" (them from feeding in the usual way).

About the end of the second and the beginning of the third century A.D., Athenæus, a Greek grammarian and rhetorician, quotes in his "Deipnosophistæ" (V. 64), Alexander the Myndian (first century A.D.) concerning these cattle:

Istud vero, quod ab eodem scriptore narratur, fidem non meretur: esse in Libya boves, qui *opisthonomi* adpellentur, eo quod, cum pascuntur, non antrosum ingrediantur, sed deorsum recedant: impedimento enim, quo minus naturali modo pasci possint, esse illis cornua non antrosum vergentia, sicut aliis animalibus,



12. YALE FROM A BESTIARY DATED ABOUT 1200 A.D. (University Library, Cambridge.)

enim rigent sed moventur, ut usus exigit preliandi: quorum alterum cum pugnat protendit, alterum replicat, ut si ictu aliquo alterius acumen offenderit, acies succedat alterius. (Solinus, 52, 35.)

The information of Solinus is obviously derived from Pliny and from Pomponius Mela.

The French priest and publisher, J. P. Migne, in his "Patrology" (V. 177, col. 86) gives the following description of the eale:

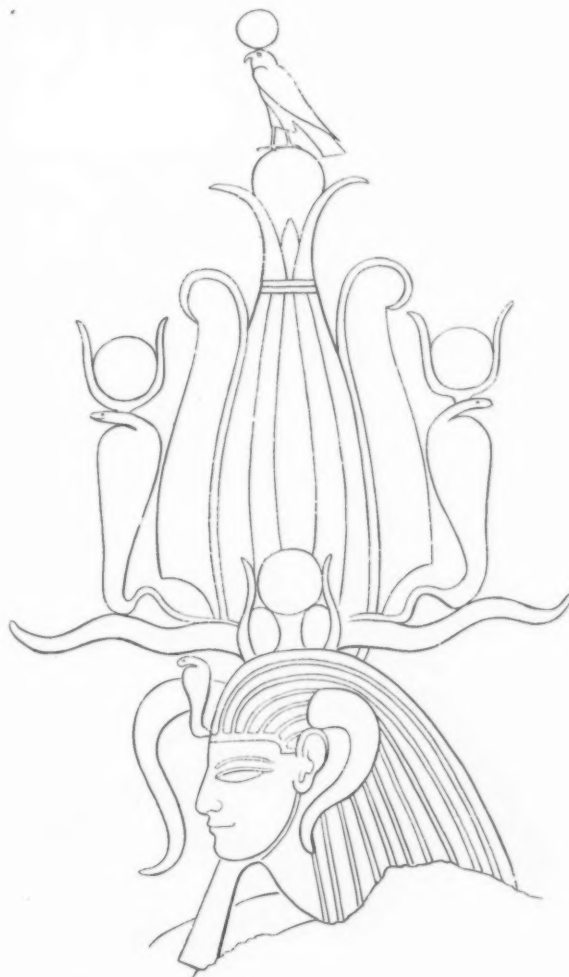
Est bestia quæ dicitur eale, magnus ut equus, cauda elephantis, nigro colore, maxillis aprinis, cornua præferens ultra modum longa, ad obsequium ejus velut motus accommodata, nec enim rigent, sed moventur ut usus exigit preliandi, quorum alterum replicat, et cum altero pugnat, ut si ictu aliquo alterius acumen offenderit, acies succedat alterius.

There is an animal which is called Eale; it is as large as a horse, has the tail of an elephant, is black in colour, with the jaws of a wild boar, having inordinately long horns in front, adapted as it were to obey its impulse; for the horns are not inflexible but move as required when used in fighting, one of which it doubles back and fights with the other, so that if the keenness of one is dulled by any blow, the sharp edge of the other may take its place.

In none of the few versions of the "Physiologus" that I have seen is the yale mentioned; but that work is so protean in its character that an account of the creature may very well occur in some of its many forms. The yale, however, makes a brave show in the bestiaries, and with the exception of one important feature, the bestiaries vary little in their account of our beast. I think a single quotation from one of the two bestiaries in the University Library will serve as the sort of information we may obtain from these sources. The bestiary I quote from came from the library of Dr. Holdsworth, Master of Emmanuel College, who died in 1649:

Est bestia quæ dicitur eale magnus ut equus cauda elephantis nigro colore maxillis caprinis [sic] cornua preferens ultra modum longa ad obsequium cuius velit [for velut] motus accommodata. Movenitur enim ut usus preliandi exigit. Quorum alterum [cum] pugnat protendit alterum replicat ut si ictu aliquo alterius acumen offenderit acies succedat alterius.

There is an animal which is called Eale, big as a horse, with the tail of an elephant, black in colour, with the jaws of a goat [sic] having inordinately long horns adapted as it were to obey its impulse, for they are shifted as the



11. HUMAN HEAD WITH HORNS LIKE NOS. 9 AND 10.

necessity of battle requires; one of which when fighting it extends and doubles back the other, so that if by any blow the keenness of one is dulled, the sharp edge of the other may take its place. (Ms., Kk. 4, 25.)

The account in our other bestiary is virtually the same except that it has *aprinis* for *caprinis*.

The illustrations with which the bestiaries abound are of no scientific value. I reproduce one (Fig. 12) from the first-named Cambridge University MS. It will be seen that here the artist has directed both horns forward; but the animals drawn in these volumes are, in almost all cases, the product of imagination and not of evolution. In the later times bestiaries began to be replaced by learned works which were the direct forerunners of our modern text-books, and, although still uncritical, yet omitted some of the phantasy of the mediæval writers. Thus, in his "Historie of Foure-footed Beastes," 1607, the Rev. Edward Topsell, who was resident at Christ's College in 1587, gives the following description of the yale, now known as the yale or jail:

There is bred in Ethiopia a certain strange Beast about the bignesse of a Sea-horse [not a "river-horse"], being of colour blacke or brownish: it hath the cheeks of a Boare, the tayle of an Elephant, and hornes aboue a Cubit long, which are mooueable upon his head at his owne pleasure like eares; now standing one way, and anone mouing another way, as he needeth in fighting with other Beastes,



YALE SUPPORTERS ON THE GATEWAY, CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

importance in the accounts of the bestiaries (referred to previously) are the words "*maxillis caprinis*" and "*maxillis aprinis*." When I first looked into the matter, I found in the first bestiary I consulted "*maxillis aprinis*," and I wondered whether an initial "c" had been dropped by a careless transcriber; hence I was pleased to find that in the MS. from which I quote "*maxillis caprinis*" is the form used.

It needs little stretch of the imagination to conceive some traveller from "Afric's shore" relating that these curious cattle with horns pointing both ways had a face like a goat; but it is difficult to understand how even Pliny himself can have believed they had "*maxillis apris*." Here, again, I believe an initial "c" is wanting.

I do not know when the tusks of the wild boar were implanted in the jaws of a yale. They certainly are



YALES AT THE LODGE, CHRIST'S COLLEGE.



not found in the yales on the early sixteenth century gateway of either Christ's or St. John's College, or on those over the doorway of the Master's Lodge in the former College, or on his seal which comes down from the Foundress, Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII. All the yales here depicted have heads rather like goats, and with a goatee beard, like that of the typical American Senator of twenty years ago. Still, heralds are no zoologists, and in the later representation of yales, both in emblazoning arms and in statuary, they have implanted into this ruminant's head large canine teeth. Moreover, when colouring is used, these teeth are gilded. The general effect recalls the golden grin of Mr. Johnson, the American negro pugilist.

I will now conclude my account of the hunting of the yale with a description of the yales of my College, although at the sister foundation there has been a certain degeneration of our common foundress' supporters, so that in the book-plate of the library at St. John's College and in the arms on their notepaper the tail "cauda elephanti" has become a mere stump and the horns (see the yale at Hampton Court Palace—as far as I can judge from a photograph the horns of this statue are not fore and aft) parallel and lyriiform; the animal has deteriorated almost into an antelope.

At Christ's College, by some lucky chance, the yale has been preserved pure and undefiled. The arms on the outside of Christ's College gateway, which are better preserved than those on that of the sister College, show animals with a deep chest and a somewhat slender hinder body. Their faces are like those of goats, being provided with what is called in the United States a "chin-beard." They have short ears and a low mane. The horns are not very long, but longer than the head, ringed; and while one stretches forward over the face,

the other stretches backward over the body. This, did we not know the habits of the yale, might be put down at first sight to ignorance on the part of the sculptor of the art of perspective. They are "bezanté," and the bezants, which are uniformly scattered, are bezants and not natural spots. This is, perhaps, a point in favour of their being antelopes, because, with the exception of a few species, such as *Tragelaphus decula* and *T. scriptus*, which have a few bars and spots, antelopes are not spotted.

I can see no trace of the "cheekes of a Boare." A comparison of the tail with that of the elephant is very unfair to Lady

Margaret's supporters. Of all the parts of its external anatomy, the one the elephant has least reason to be proud of is its tail, whereas the tail of the yale is long, well formed and ends in three most comely tufts. Both supporters are males. (All the yales I have seen are males, a sex which recalls the "majok.") I cannot see any traces of tusks. All four hoofs are cleft. The yales over the door of the Master's Lodge are similar. They are deeply undercut, but are of a later day, for they are not shown in Loggan's print of 1688. A single yale, very deeply incised, occurs on the seal of the Master of Christ's. It is apparently lying down, and is, I believe, in



YALE SUPPORTERS ON THE GATEWAY, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

heraldic language, either "couchant" or "lodged."

I trust that in these pages I have shown that the yale is derived from the modified cattle which have had their horns artificially altered from the earliest historic times until to-day, and not, as some writers in *The Times* in May, 1911, considered, from the antelope. It is true that in some cases it has degenerated into an antelope, but we must never forget that Æsop's ape "wept on passing through a human graveyard, overcome with sorrow for its dead ancestors."

## AN INVOCATION.

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE.

O! Song of mine, be like a gem  
Which glistens in the thirsty sand—  
And be a richly budded stem  
Of white blossom from fairy land—  
Be mists which veil some Northern lake  
When all the air's a changing rose—  
Or petals falling when winds shake  
The orchard in some garden-close—  
Be the wings of my desire  
And my soul's vesture when she sings—  
She drowns by a sinking fire—  
O! Song—fail not to give her wings.

Thus like a ship whose every sail  
Is set—laden with corn and spice,  
She shall ride forth nor surely fail  
To find the promised Paradise!  
Ye who love her will ye come  
By such high adventure led—  
Having neither hearth nor home  
But the whole wild world instead?  
Dream a way and lo! it leaps  
Fair for your feet to tread upon.  
The air is drowsy—the wind sleeps—  
All is ready—let us begone!



**P**ERHAPS there is no more striking commentary on the changes brought about by swift transit over roads than the building of such a house as Mr. Lawson's on the top of Ewelme Down. In old days the choice of such a site would have been incredible. When the setting of some great historic house on a site both low and damp is made a cause of wonder, it is because the difficulties of travel and of carriage of goods are forgotten. Roads in country districts were hardly existent, and never good, and great reliance had, therefore, to be placed on river travel. The motor-car has changed all that. Distance from a railway station is now a negligible factor, and the choice of a site may be pursued unfettered by any consideration save for the supply of water, and an artesian well will find this almost everywhere. With all these facilities, it is no marvel that houses are now built in situations formerly inaccessible, which none the less have every merit that the pursuit of health can desire and that the love of natural beauties may cherish.

To Mr. Lawson's house it is a long ascent from Ewelme Village, with its beautiful church and collegiate buildings. In all this down country of Oxfordshire there is a sense of unusual bigness, rare in other English districts which are as fully cultivated as this. The absence of hedges gives to the great fields the aspect of a moor. Amid such surroundings, Mr. Walter Cave, who designed the house, doubtless felt that a building regular and austere in a Palladian manner would not have struck the right note. He has, therefore, followed in the ways of Tudor builders in the exteriors, and the house stands strongly, with an air of self-reliance and a contempt of the searching winds that sweep the downs. The walls are of a blue-grey stone, and the roofs are covered with stone slates which, newly cut, were of a strong yellow, but are rapidly mellowing to buff and brown.

The approach road brings us to a pair of iron entrance gates, and on entering the forecourt the eye is first arrested by the low tower which projects squarely into the court. The latter is embanked on the north-east and north-west sides by







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ON THE SOUTH-WEST TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE APPROACH TO THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

great rough walls. At the corner is a gazebo which stands up boldly from the slope. The house is very simply planned. A projecting porch divides the entrance door from the hall, which appears in two of the accompanying pictures. Right and left of it are the drawing and dining rooms, while the library occupies the north corner of the house. The newel at the foot of the stairs terminates in a charming painted wooden figure of German provenance, and its fellow is similarly placed at the half landing. Particular attention may be drawn to the admirable way in which the organ in the hall has been screened. The pipes are

set behind a grille of slender oak balusters, which are seen in the middle of the larger picture of the hall. One could wish



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Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"C.L."

that all organs were thus discreetly arranged; too often they are a blot on decorative amenities.

Passing through the hall, which in its treatment follows seventeenth century traditions, we go to the south-west terrace, with its lily tank and lead statues. Here again the ground falls away, and the eye can sweep over an immense range of country. Despite the exposed nature of the place, the gardens are richly



furnished; but this has not been achieved without great labour. The natural soil covering the chalk was only three inches deep, and all the rest had to be brought up the hill. Nevertheless, banks of rambling roses do well, and all bulbs are especially successful. The hill, which slopes down towards the north-west, has a scattered growth of juniper bushes, amid which the patches of bulbs show brilliantly against the dark background.

Claudian's rustic, the *Felix qui patriis* of our public school days, knew the months only by the rotation of the crops. He could equally tell the time of year at Ewelme by the gardens—tulips in May, Spanish iris in June and English iris in July, while the presence of richly-grown gladiolus would mark for him a wet summer. It has already been said that the house follows Tudor traditions, and such a phrase is one of the commonplaces of description, yet it would have startled the public of a century ago. We are apt to think of architectural design as a kind of



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FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lucky-bag from which the profession may draw for its clients now a Gothic castle and at other times an Adam mansion, a manor house in the style of William and Mary or some confectionery in the half-timber manner. Perhaps it is worth while to remember what made possible this orgy of eclecticism. Indirectly, but no less truly, it was the Gothic Revival. Though we have swung round again, and modern Gothic

is now dismissed with a shrug, it will be unfortunate if we forget what we owe to the Revivalists. As there is a good deal of vagueness as to their work and time and personality, a brief outline may be given here, as it will help to a better understanding of the modern buildings which are illustrated from time to time in the series of "Country Homes." It is fair to say that the seeds of the Revival were sown before even the Renaissance had come fully into its own, for in 1655 was published the first volume of the *Monasticon Anglesanum*.

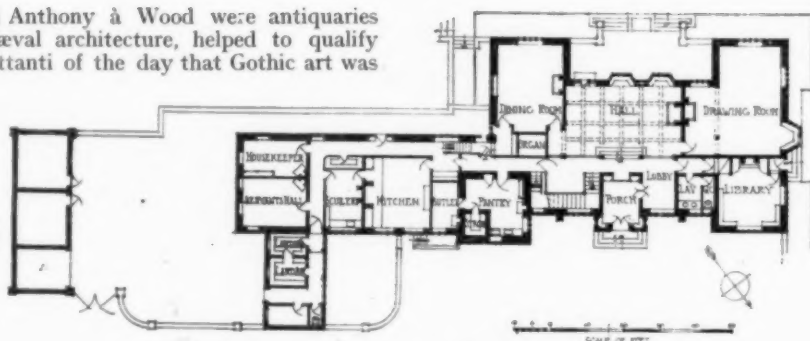


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THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Dodsworth, Dugdale and Anthony à Wood were antiquaries who, by recording mediæval architecture, helped to qualify the impression of the dilettanti of the day that Gothic art was a barbarous and vulgar business. Horace Walpole had a sincere affection for, and an entire misunderstanding of, its qualities; but its picturesqueness and romance tickled his rather jaded palate, and his experiments at Strawberry Hill, ridiculous as they were, at least kept alive an appreciation of its existence. All through the last half of the eighteenth century there were architects who



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

is utterly and justly forgotten, designed Eaton Hall, Cheshire, a dreary Gothic barrack, spiky with pinnacles.

played with Gothic forms. Robert Adam even did not scorn castle-building. James Wyatt perpetrated Fonthill Abbey for the fantastic Beckford at the beginning of the nineteenth century; but all such performances were mere archaeological exercises, lacking any knowledge of the true character of Gothic art. In 1803 one Porden, whose name



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THE HALL, EWELME DOWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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LOOKING TOWARDS THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Knowsley Park, Knebworth and Eastnor Castle are of the same period. In Scotland, Gillespie was the great purveyor of mediævalisms. To the age of eighteenth century ignorance succeeded an age of plagiarism. By the eighteen-thirties the Revival was in full swing, and Salvin was building his cold Tudor houses. In 1839 Sir Charles Barry began the Houses of Parliament, which, despite all criticism, remain a great conception finely handled. Augustus Welby Pugin had

started church-building shortly before, and had charge of the decorative work at the Palace of Westminster under Barry. It was he more than anyone who imported into architectural criticism the fervours of theological hate; but he did one always valuable work—he awakened the public to the fact that architecture was a real thing with something in it. So violent were the controversies about trivial details, and about the century to be imitated, that, as one architect said, "no one



AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS—



—AND AT THE HEAD.

was safe from critics, who knew to a nicety the orthodox coiffure of a thirteenth-century angel, and who damned a moulding that was half-an-hour too late." On one thing all the Revivalists were agreed—anything of a classical flavour was not only bad architecture, but the eighth deadly sin. This admitted, they quarrelled freely among themselves, and the "Battle of the Styles" waged furiously. Burges, Sir Gilbert Scott, J. L. Pearson and Street have left great names, but recognition of Scott's merits is clouded by the memory of the scores of churches which he "restored." For the student of domestic architecture, the year 1860 is a crucial date, for about that time Philip Webb, Norman Shaw and Eden Nesfield began the work which was to break the shackles of mediævalism and to

Ewelme Down would have been impossible, and no better compliment can be paid to the stalwarts of the present day, like Mr. Walter Cave, than to say that they are following in the track of a great and recreated tradition. L. W.

## THE GREY WAGTAIL.

FOR delicacy of colouring and grace of form the grey wagtail ranks high among our British birds. The characteristic movements of the family are also emphasised in this the most beautiful of our British wagtails. The eye is quickly attracted by the erratic swaying of



THE HAUNT OF THE GREY WAGTAIL.

invest building with a new vitality. Philip Webb remained more faithful the but his work is stamped throughout with the seal of a vigorous and independent personality. To Shaw and Nesfield we owe the widening of domestic architecture and its acceptance of the English Renaissance as a new starting-point. Nesfield never quite fulfilled his early promise, but Norman Shaw and Philip Webb happily remain with us, each in his way a Nestor who can mark the impress he has made on the art of the last half of the nineteenth century. Without them both, such houses as

the tail and body of the grey wagtail as it flies from stone to stone in quest of food. Unlike the heron, the kingfisher and the dipper, the grey wagtail cannot be accepted as a fish poacher. The food consists wholly of flies and the larvæ of flies; in fact, the wagtail performs on water the duties of the spotted flycatcher on land. The grey wagtail and the dipper have the same choice of nesting site, their nests being nearly always close to or within sound of rushing water. On several occasions I have found them nesting almost side by side, frequently within a few feet from one another. The favourite nesting



BROODING.





DOMESTIC CLEANLINESS.

place for a grey wagtail is on a ledge of rock, where the nest may be difficult to see owing to its close resemblance to a tuft of dead grass. One of the strangest incidents that I have ever witnessed in bird-life came under my notice while watching a pair of grey wagtails engaged in choosing a nesting site. From the cover of a river-side cottage I saw two birds repeatedly fly to a rocky ledge, both with nest-building material in their beaks. It was soon evident that the male wagtail had selected one position for the nest, and the female another place a couple of yards



TAKING THEIR TURN.

away. The former for some time took no notice of the doings of his mate, and they both continued to gather materials at their selected places. Suddenly he flew to her position and commenced removing her materials to the place where he thought the nest ought to be. Trouble seemed to be brewing in the family, especially when she still persisted in conveying dead grass to her site. In the end, the cock bird lost his temper, flew to her ledge and viciously attacked her, knocking off the ledge all evidence of her efforts at building. She flew away, and for a couple of hours remained perched in a tree and sulked, evidently much upset at her chastisement, and not taking the slightest notice of overtures of peace from her mate. As this deadlock seemed likely to continue, I departed.

Two days later I was round again, eager to see how the difference had been settled, if at all. To my great surprise, I must confess, the male had given way to the female, and the nearly-completed nest was on her chosen site. A close examination of the two places showed that the judgment of the male had been at fault. Where he had erred was in not detecting the presence of mice; it was quite impossible for these destructive little animals to reach the spot selected by the hen. When completed, the nest of the grey wagtail is, as a rule, neater and more compact than those made by yellow or pied wagtails. A suitable nest for interviewing this pretty bird was found low down on a rocky ledge on a brookside, near to a little waterfall. Unfortunately, a footpath passed within ten yards of the



NO MORE AT PRESENT.

nest, and, worse still, a village school was situated some two hundred yards away—two things that pointed to almost certain discovery of the nest. In fact, I had no expectations whatever of anything resulting from the find, and my fears were later confirmed by a friend, who, when passing the place, had a look to see if it was safe. He could find nothing of the nest, and declared it was no longer there. The glorious uncertainty in wild life induced me to have another look, and to my surprise the nest was still there, and the female wagtail was sitting tight on her eggs. She even allowed me to approach with the camera to within two yards from her. The nest had escaped the detection of my friend owing to its resemblance to a tuft of dead grass, and the keen-eyed schoolboys, who hunt not in ones and twos, but in companies, had all been deceived. I brought a hiding-tent into operation on my next visit, and pulled down some overhanging branches of a holly tree over it. To secure the photograph I was forced to take my stand in the middle of a brook, and I kept out of the water by sitting on a pile of stones. The camera was only three feet from the nest; but the birds were not in the least afraid, and five minutes after being quite ready both were busy feeding the young. What an easy subject it seemed at first. But very soon difficulties began to arise, for when one bird perched on one side of the nest, it seemed to have St. Vitus' dance; the tail "wagged" far more rapidly than my focal-plane shutter could have recorded even in a good

light, and now I could hardly see to focus, so dark was the place. To persist in taking photographs under such conditions would be only adding to the dividends of plate-makers, and, at the best, bird-photography is a plate-wasting sport. A good light was absolutely necessary, and this meant being there about 5 a.m. with the morning sun.

I could now only wait to secure a picture of the hen brooding. A shower brought her to the nest, and at last she was still. For six days I arose at 4 a.m.; three mornings were wet, the rest permitted the journey. The male wagtail was larger and more handsome than his mate, but the latter was a much steadier subject. They seemed to have no difficulty in finding plenty of food near at hand, and I much admired the abilities of both as fly-catchers. They waded about in the very shallow water for larvæ in a manner similar to that of the dipper. If the water was swollen, the visits to the nest were irregular. This point was very noticeable on my last visit. When I crossed the field near to the nest, the ground was covered with about three inches of snow; as the snow melted the water came over my boots, and twice I had to vacate the position to rebuild the pile of stones that I sat upon. The intervals between the visits of the birds were now seriously long; evidently they could not find food anywhere. The sound of the chirp of the parents nearly caused the young ones to tumble out of the nest in their endeavour to receive the meagre portion of food carried by their parents. One youngster did fall out of the nest and was swept away in the rushing, discoloured waters; another eventually shared the same fate, and I was helpless to rescue them. To prevent further disasters the two remaining chicks were removed to a place of safety, where they were found by the old birds, before I had packed up the camera. When the streams are in flood, river-side birds must suffer severely, and the grey wagtail particularly so. Despite these adverse conditions, it has increased locally within the last few years, and the reason of the increase is apparently due to the fact that it can now get food during the few trying months of the year at the sewage-beds constructed of late years near to every town and village. The warm effluent from kitchens comes out of the pipes on to the sewage-beds, and for some little time remains unfrozen, proving a welcome resource for the grey wagtail in frosty weather, when other feeding-grounds are closed. In this part of Lancashire other birds of similar habits are increasing from the same causes. Snipe breed with us more regularly and woodcocks are getting fairly numerous in the nesting-time; a local gamekeeper found five nests in one season in his preserves. On the other hand, we have almost totally lost the corn and yellow buntings, simply because the growing of corn is discontinued and they have followed the food supply. I have never found a cuckoo's egg in a grey wagtail's nest, and other local observers confirm this curious point. I have found yellow wagtails' and meadow-pipits' nests containing cuckoos' eggs, and these were quite close to a nest of the grey wagtail, but the latter seems to be always left alone by the cuckoo. I would like to know the experiences of other naturalists on this point.

The grey wagtail rears two broods each season, and sometimes the male may be seen training one family while his mate is busy hatching another clutch of eggs. ALFRED TAYLOR.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### SPRING MIGRATION COMMENCES.

WE are writing these notes from the Central District of France, where spring has arrived very early on the scene, and where, in the opening week of March, daffodil and violet are in full bloom, while birch and larch are rapidly putting forth their buds. The migration of the birds has already begun, and on February 27th flocks of wild geese passed overhead. The next evening—clear and calm with a moon near the full—an extensive migration of a species of stork took place, the birds pausing at a considerable height, the only indication of their presence being their loud and oft-repeated cry. In this part of France the woodcock is a regular winter visitor, but latterly instances have been reported of the birds remaining to nest. So far as we are aware, the eggs have never actually been seen, but young birds have been discovered, and the species would probably remain more often to nest in these southern districts if a certain amount of protection were afforded to birds after March 1st. The French close time, unfortunately, comes into force considerably later than is the case in the British Isles, and those woodcock remaining during March offer a somewhat easy prey to the sportsman. This year, in the neighbourhood of Orleans, woodcock were heard and seen on the evening of March 2nd, uttering their spring note and flitting over the tree tops with that curious gliding and ghostly flight that they adopt during the breeding season, and at no other time in the year.

### SOME TREES OF CENTRAL FRANCE.

In the particular part of France where we have been staying, the soil is unsuitable for agriculture, being of a very light, sandy nature, and we are greatly indebted to our host for showing us over his estate, which is largely given over to plantations of various kinds, and for pointing out to us the trees which can be most suitably grown on this light, gravelly soil. Many varieties of firs were to be seen on the estate. *Pinus maritima* was found growing in extensive plantations, the trees being in the majority of cases not more than twenty-five years of age. The maritime pine is somewhat sensitive to frost, and during the severe winter of 1879-80 nearly all in the district were killed, though an isolated tree here and there retained its vitality. At the present time *Pinus maritima* is being largely supplanted by *Pinus laricio*. This fir is found to be hardy, and the trunk grows exceptionally straight—much more so than *Pinus sylvestris* or *Pinus maritima*. Of *Pinus laricio* there are two varieties—*Pinus laricio corsica* and *Pinus laricio calabrica*. Of the two the corsica variety is more extensively planted, for the rabbits rarely eat the young trees of this species, and thus the owner is spared the expense of erecting wire-fencing round the young wood. In a case where plantations of *Pinus maritima* and *Pinus laricio corsica* were planted adjoining each other, it was found recently that large numbers of the maritime species had been ringed by the squirrels, while those of the *laricio* variety were quite unharmed. For exposed situations we were informed that *Pinus maritima* was the most suitable. Unlike most conifers, *Pinus maritima* has a strong persisting tap root which penetrates the ground for a considerable depth, and thus the maritime pine requires a greater depth of soil than either *Pinus sylvestris* or *Pinus laricio*. It was our experience that *Pinus maritima* showed, during a strong wind, a greater amount of flexibility than the other species.

### A RELIC OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

Oaks appear to thrive excellently on the ground, and one—a veteran *Quercus robur*—we were shown bore traces of the bombardment it had received at the hands of the Prussians during the war of 1870-71. A shell aimed at the château near by had, fortunately, missed its mark, but had torn off some of the largest branches of the oak, the jagged stumps still showing clearly where the missile had torn off the branches close to the main stem. An interesting oak which is being cultivated on the estate is *Quercus pubescens*. In this species the leaves are soft and hairy, and persist during the winter and up to the middle of May, when they are literally pushed off by the young buds beneath. SETON GORDON.

## FURNITURE OF THE XVII. & XVIII. CENTURIES.

### DUTCH PAINTED CABINET AT PENSURST.

ILLUSION has already been made to the variety in style and period of the furniture at Penshurst, among which are several specimens of the foreign cabinets that formed so prominent a feature in the furnishing of important houses throughout the seventeenth century, for till the end of this period but few attempts had been made in England towards purely ornamental cabinets. At the end of the fifteenth century writing-cabinets were introduced from Italy and Spain into other parts of Europe; these were of narrow box form, mounted on an arcaded and balustraded stand; the front was constructed to let down to form a writing-slab, disclosing a number of small drawers and usually two little cupboards, the fronts of which were often carved in the most elaborate manner of the Renaissance. Later, doors sometimes took the place of the let-down front, and a slide then pulled out for the purposes of writing, while the frontage of the drawers was often designed to resemble the elevation of a house, and in place of carving these were inlaid with most elaborate designs in coloured woods. Though the original structure of drawers and cupboards was adhered to, and though, no doubt, originally invented as a convenient and portable form of writing-cabinet, they soon developed into more ornamental structures for the purposes of decoration. The Italians appear to have been pre-eminent in this class of furniture, and the complicated designs in ebony, ivory and tortoiseshell, or of drawers faced with an inlay of birds and flowers made of marble and coloured stones, were among the most favoured kinds that were imported into this country. These can be roughly placed as emanating from three sources in Italy; those decorated with tortoiseshell from Naples, the inlaid marbles and intarsia from Florence, and those with etched pictures on ivory from Milan and the North. Occasionally they were constructed without doors, especially when paintings formed the decoration, as in the





EBONY AND PAINTED DUTCH CABINET  
ON BLACK AND GOLD STAND.

FURNITURE of the  
17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of  
Lord De L'Isle and Dudley.

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example now given from Penshurst. The English cabinet-maker had not advanced in his art during the period between the death of Elizabeth and the Restoration, his greatest efforts in this direction being oak cabinets stuck over with pieces of ivory and mother-of-pearl, poor substitutes for the beautiful inventions and remarkable technique produced at the same time by other nations. It is one of the many details in the evolution of furniture that its decoration commenced with paint; it then passed into carved relief, from that to inlay, and back again in its decadence to paint once more. This Penshurst painted Dutch cabinet of about the date 1690 is still in the style that had been introduced from Italy nearly

two hundred years previously; the body is of ebony, a highly-prized wood at that time, and the drawers are faced with Dutch paintings of religious incidents and landscapes; small silver-gilt busts and two statuettes, very Italian in feeling, are recessed amid these pictures; the cherub-head handles are also of silver-gilt. The stand is made of blackened wood with the carving gilt, the frame being lacquered in the Chinese taste; the lower portion of the stand protrudes where it meets the capping of the legs, in a manner seldom found on English furniture, the stretchers are small and fussy, and their faulty proportions are further emphasised by the introduction of two small metal figures where the S scrolls meet.

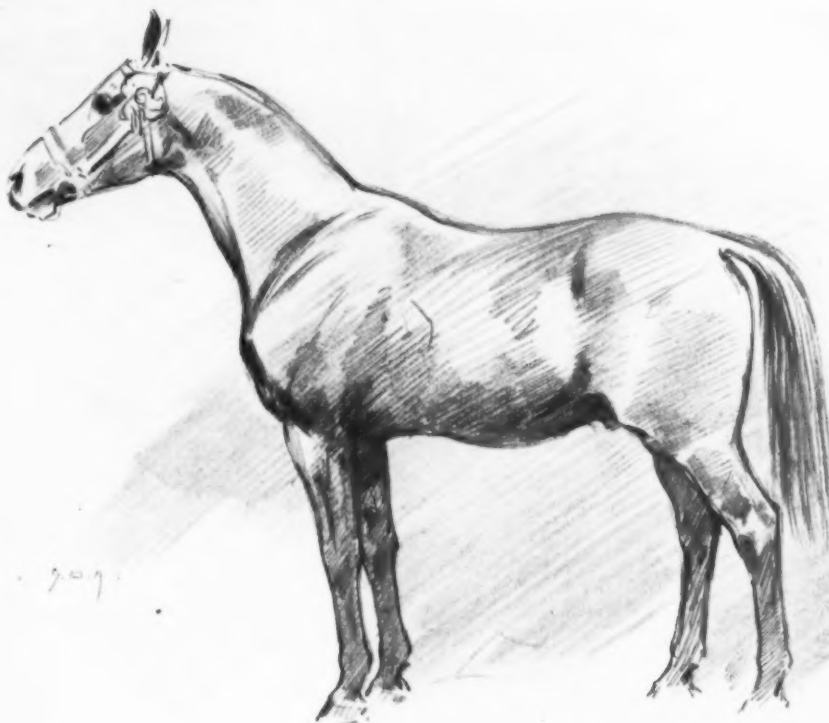
P. M.

## HUNTERS AND REMOUNTS.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

EVERYTHING that Lord Willoughby de Broke wrote on this subject in COUNTRY LIFE (Oct. 14th, 1911) must command the approval of all who are interested in horse-breeding; and I gladly give my views on this important matter. Until the Hunters' Improvement Society came into existence some twenty-six years ago, there was literally no machinery for the breeding of hunters; and it would be wrong to speak of a "breed of hunters" at the present day. Horses are bred with greater or less judgment in mating of sire and dam, with the object of getting an animal that shall make a hunter; but this is a very different matter from mating a sire and dam of fixed type whose produce may be depended on to bear the stamp and character of its parents.

There was formerly in England a true breed of hunter, a race which reproduced itself with the same certainty as



WALES (FOALED IN 1894), KING'S CUP, RESERVE.



COCK OF THE WALK.—A PROMISING YOUNG PREMIUM SIRE.

Thorough-bred, Hackney or Shire horse, but that race, unfortunately, has long disappeared. These old hunters were famed for their courage, honesty and stoutness, qualities for which they had been bred for a long period of years, from true hunter stock. The disappearance of this old breed is not difficult to explain; there were two predominant reasons: First, the disuse of stallions as mounts to follow the hounds, forced upon hunting-men when "fields" grew large and the presence of an entire became a source of danger; and second, the demand for faster horses to live with faster hounds.

When the practice of riding stallions to hounds fell into disuse, a blow was struck at the very existence of the true hunter blood. The stallions our grandfathers rode in the field were hunters by descent, by qualities and make and shape. The stallion that won a name as a hunter was naturally in eager demand to cover hunter mares; and thus the blood of the best was perpetuated,

just as the blood of our best race-horses and our most successful show-yard horses is perpetuated to-day. Side by side with this reason for the decline in true hunter-breeding another factor was at work. The use of thorough-bred sires to obtain greater speed came into fashion. It served its purpose and for a long period did not materially affect the useful qualities of the hunter.

The race-horse of seventy or eighty years ago was well fitted to beget hunter stock; he was stouter and had more substance than the average race-horse of to-day; he gave his progeny the greater speed desired without impairing his ability to gallop under a heavy weight and endure a long day's work. Unfortunately, the tradition that any thorough-bred will produce a hunter has long outlived the fact. Our thorough-breds, as everyone knows, have been gradually changing in character; the one object of the breeder of race-horses is to get speed, and to get speed all else has to be sacrificed. Our modern race-horses are much taller and faster than their ancestors, but they have neither their weight-carrying power, their stamina nor their soundness. Yet we seek to breed hunters from a thorough-bred sire because the tradition survived.

We still hunt, or can hunt, mares, and thus perpetuate on one side the true hunter character; but the hunting man who has a mare that carries him well to hounds is naturally unwilling to lay her aside for breeding purposes. The man who does exercise self-denial in this way, and mates his mares wisely, obtains his reward in the shape of good hunter stock, but he should breed from young mares.

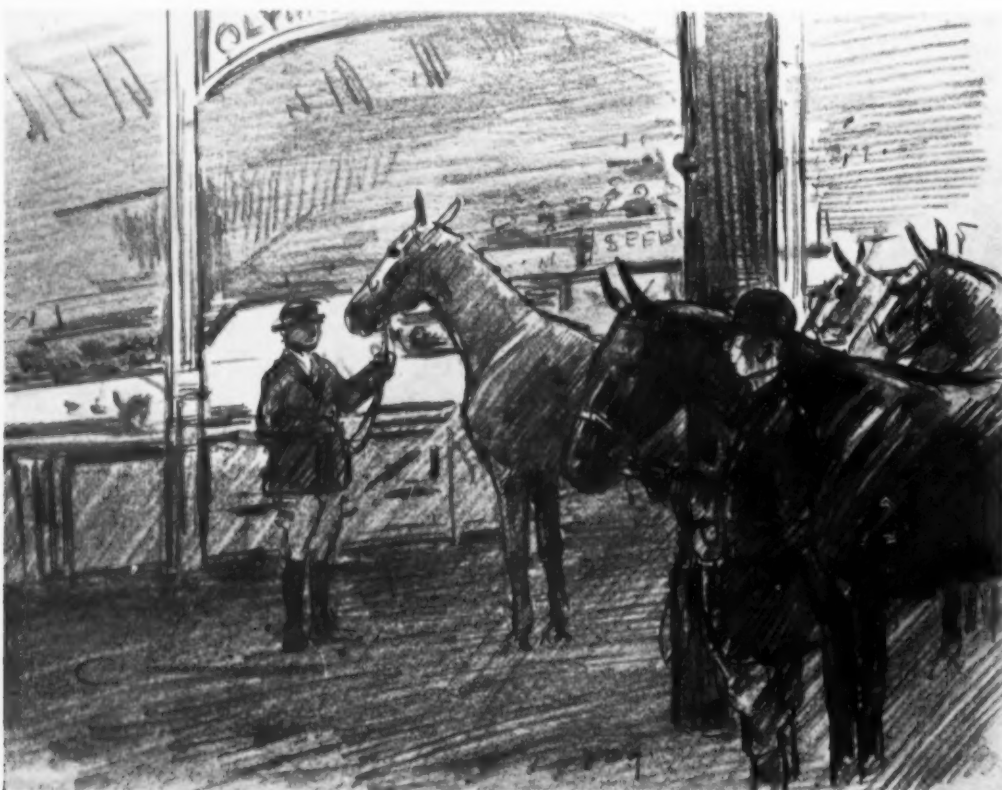
Colonel Shuttleworth of Old Warden Park, for many years joint-Master of the Cambridgeshire hounds, has been most successful in his method of breeding hunters. He began by breeding from the best mares he could procure. The fillies are handled, ridden and schooled before they are three; at four they are sent to the most suitable stallion available, regardless of distance; and after the foal is weaned the mare goes to the hunting stable



THE PARADE AT THE HUNTER SHOW.

to be made ready for work with hounds. Colonel Shuttleworth attributes his success to this practice of breeding from young mares. The policy is obviously sound. Young mares feed their foals better than old ones which are sent to the stud when their working days are over, or nearly over, and early matronhood improves their constitution. There is still too much haphazard breeding. The wrong idea that if the stallion is a good one any mare will throw a good foal to him is still cherished in many quarters, but this fundamental error is, I have reason to believe, steadily dying out. Men have begun to realise that such methods do not pay, that haphazard mating is more likely to produce a misfit than anything else, and that the young horse so bred will only find a purchaser in the remount officer.

I have known excellent hunters bred from heavy mares by a thorough-bred or well-bred sire, but the breeder who seeks to obtain hunter stock from such parents must choose his mares carefully and mate them with judgment. Nobody of my acquaintance was more successful in breeding horses likely to make hunters in this way than the late Mr. Sexton of Ipswich. He used to put comparatively light cart mares—Suffolk for choice—to a judiciously selected thorough-bred sire, and from such matings he obtained horses of substance and quality which commanded high prices as heavy-weight hunters. He sold several at two hundred pounds and three hundred pounds each. I have not had the advantage of reading the work by Mr. B. R. Morland to which Lord Willoughby de Broke referred, but while I have no doubt that the method suggested—putting heavy sires to thorough-bred mares to get foundation stock—might produce satisfactory results, my own preference, based on practical experience, is for blood on the sire's side.



YOUNGSTERS WAITING THEIR TURN IN THE RING.



The bone and substance needed in our hunters is seldom to be found in a thorough-bred horse; when such an animal does occur he will, as Lord Willoughby de Broke aptly said, "do almost any job short of very heavy draught work, better than any other horse"; but thorough-breds capable of carrying fourteen stone to hounds are so rare that it is expedient to seek the bone and substance needed on the dam's side.

I have written so much on the remount question that I feel dubious about going over the ground again. The situation grows more serious every year, and the Government shows no disposition to deal with it in a business-like spirit. The recently promulgated scheme to encourage the breeding of horses attacks the difficulty at the wrong end. The farmer will breed horses readily if he can be reasonably sure of a fair market, and that fair market is just what the scheme fails to offer him. The remount market is the last refuge of the misfit which nobody will buy. As already said, fewer misfits are bred now than was formerly the case; fewer horses are bred, and those are of better average stamp, since the truth that haphazard breeding means failure is gradually gaining recognition. By all means give the farmer such assistance as the use of well-selected sires at low service fees; but it is idle to ask him to breed horses on the chance of selling them for a price which leaves him no profit. Horse-breeding is a business, and men will not embark upon a business which is to give them no return. Let the Remount Department pay fair prices for its horses in open market and the supply will soon equal the demand. The increase of motor traction renders this matter increasingly urgent. The Army can no longer depend in the hour of need upon the stables of the great omnibus and other carrying companies for strong and seasoned horses to draw guns and transport waggons. Another war will find us more than ever dependent upon horses collected from Argentina, Hungary and elsewhere. It is a dark prospect.

#### THE HUNTER SHOW.

THIS is surely the hunting topic of the week. We have begun to realise the serious condition of light horse-breeding whether we regard it from the point of sport or of war. The former is our point of view in these notes, though we do not forget that the two are in reality inseparable as far as horse-breeding is concerned. The Hunters' Improvement Society has done and is doing a great deal, and it offers its work every year to further criticism and judgment at the Islington Show. The first day, though less interesting to the general public, is not the least important of the three. A very great deal depends on the quality and character of the King's Premium horses, which, spread throughout the country, are intended to improve the light horses. Many of them are likely to do good service in their districts. The judges, in selecting the stallions, evidently based their judgment on, first, the make and shape of the horse; secondly, on the horse's breeding, for it will be noted that quite a number of the horses put in the first places in the list had noted stayers in their pedigree; and, thirdly, the horse's racing record was considered, but the judges were apparently not very much influenced by this, and I think rightly. The class of winner which only is likely to find its way into the list of premium horses makes it likely that the training must be considered chiefly as a test of soundness. It is rather noteworthy that our great-grandfathers, in breeding hunters, chose their sires from among the best race-horses of the day, and I have in my possession an account of a hunter-breeding establishment in the Midlands in the eighteenth century in which such famous names as Herod and Mambirn occur in the list of sires used. Passing from the stallions to the mares, the impression left was that the latter had quality, but that there was a lack of the deep-bodied type of mare with long forearms and short cannon bones which are the true type of stud matrons. The gradual

extinction of the pack-horses, the light draught mares, with a dash of pony blood and an infusion of thorough-bred or Eastern strains, is responsible for this. The pack-horse is gone, though not beyond recovery, and the light active cart mare which could shift a moderate load at a trot is dying out. I have heard it said that Cromwell's Ironsides were mounted on pack-horses, and we know what the light draught horses did in South Africa. Nevertheless, there are some very good hunters, and I shall be able to show from the types of the winners that we have no reason to despair. We are still the world market for the hunter type. There is something in our climate, pasture and water in Ireland and England that makes for excellence. A German who has imported several first-rate English horses of the hunter and Yorkshire coach-horse type told me that even English geldings were difficult to keep up to their form in some parts of Germany. The class in the show that struck me most was that for middle-weights, which was, as a whole, the best-looking, as it was certainly the most serviceable class at the Agricultural Hall. While we can breed horses like Mr. Stokes' Chieftain, though the catalogue did not tell us how he was bred, we have no cause to despair of English horse-breeding. This horse is full of quality. His wither is placed well back, and he has that type of powerful loins and quarters which in hunter or polo pony is so much to be desired; yet the horse moved with liberty and freedom, using his shoulders and getting his hocks well under



JUMPING AT THE HUNTER SHOW: A RESOLUTE REFUSER.

him in his gallop. Of course, he was first. In the weight-carrying class three good horses—The Snob (Mr. Kenyon), Forensic (Mr. Russell) and Golden Amber (Mr. Stokes)—were placed at the top of the class, the first-named being champion of the show later in the day. The Snob is a genuine weight-carrier. Just at first I thought that he might have had a little more quality. A horse must not only have the physical power to carry weight, but the courage to gallop under it. Directly The Snob began to move, all doubts, so far as the show-ring goes, were removed. The horse has action, power and dash, and I should be much surprised if he failed to carry a heavy man through a hard run. Forensic was beaten, beautiful horse as he is, by the winner in shoulders.

There was nothing to complain of in Golden Amber; he was beaten by The Snob, Snowstorm (Mr. Wilkinson), and Philip (Mr. C. Beard) simply because it was a heavy-weight class, and these horses could apparently gallop under heavier weights. Mr. Drage's Freedom, winner in the class for four and five year old mares and geldings, was a charming mover, and, like all Mr. Drage's horses, well mannered and well schooled. Looking over the hunter sires at this show, a most important and interesting class, I saw no reason to alter my conviction that the thorough-bred, as good as we can get him, is the true hunter sire. At all events, good as these half-bred sires were, they all seemed to me to lack character. But in the present distress for horses I can see no possibility of a sufficient number of the best hunter colts—and none but the best

are of any use for sires—since few breeders can afford to give up a certainty for a chance, that is, a good hunter worth money for a sire of uncertain value, and for which there is no great market demand. On the other hand, the society's premium thorough-bred, or all but thorough-bred, horses were excellent. Dalenberg might be the sire of hunters or polo ponies; The Cid is a nice horse in all but his colour. There is another question with regard to

half-bred hunter stallions which requires to be followed up carefully: "Do half-bred—or shall we say hunter-bred?—stallions get stock with more bone than the produce of thorough-bred sires?" I have my doubts. The show was not only a good one, but an advance on its predecessors. The Hunters' Improvement Society is doing a national work, and deserves the support of all who can take wide views of the country's necessities. X.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN the eighth volume of *The Cambridge History of English Literature* (Cambridge University Press) we are reminded of the many names in literary annals which were and are esteemed great, but yet with each succeeding generation approach the condition in which they are names and nothing more. As a general title to the volume, *The Age of Dryden* is given, and Dryden is a case in point. He wins and deserves the admiration of the student who, it may be, begins by forcing himself to read him. Even in the early nineteenth century he was "Glorious John" to Sir Walter, and a favourite author with many; but it is to be feared that in these iconoclastic days his place is among the classics who fill the library shelves but seldom are taken down from them. Yet Dryden possessed a fine intellect and he disdained many of the rhetorical arts on which his immediate predecessors relied for effect. He wrote homely and direct prose, and up to a certain point the opinion can be justified that he laid the foundation of the modern style. At any rate, he was the man of the period and sufficiently above his contemporaries to justify the grouping round him which has been adopted by the authors of the History. We have only to compare him with the other great writers who have given their names to a period to see that the literature of the Restoration was not on a very high plane. As Dryden is to Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Milton, so is the writing of the reign of Charles II. to that of the periods to which these others severally belonged. The contributors to the volume, then, have had to rely much more upon the library than on the critical instinct. They have been called upon rather to elucidate dark corners of literature than to interpret great masterpieces. It is no wonder that what we may call the side shows of the book are the best. Thus Mr. Shipley is extremely entertaining in the paper which he calls "The Progress of Science." It is not in strict terms a review that accords with the title, but the notes of a many-sided man upon the science which found its way into *belles lettres*. Mr. Shipley has a fine knack of discovering passages in which writers to whom we do not, as a rule, look for scientific instruction embody some truth or discovery of the time in which they lived. For example, in dealing with "the long-lived crew of witches, wizards and alchemists," he brings up the fact that so great a man as Sir Thomas Browne gave evidence that helped to convict two unhappy women charged with witchcraft before Sir Matthew Hale at Bury St. Edmunds. It is recognised, however, that he was "a little in advance of some of his contemporaries." Browne had enough of the scientific temperament not to blink the truth. When astrology did not "make good," he said, "We deny not the influence of the stars but often suspect the due application thereof." The part played by alchemy in the thought of the time is shown in Jonson's "Alchemist," which, at any rate, shows that Jonson "had mastered the jargon of this form of quackery." An interesting point raised by Mr. Shipley is that, according to some, science should have no jargon. We know that in the past a Newton, a Darwin, a Tyndall, a Huxley, could discuss their problems in a language understood of the people. Mr. Shipley does not think this possible in the twentieth century. But he holds that:

The introduction in all the sciences of technical words is not due to any spirit of perverseness on the part of modern savants; these terms, long as they usually are, serve as the shorthand of science. In the Stewart times, however, an investigator could explain in simple language to his friends what he was doing and the advance of natural science was keenly followed by all sorts and conditions of men.

This defence of the language of "shop" is not quite convincing. The language of one trained histologist or mathematician to another has nothing to do with the enunciation of principles or the descriptions of discoveries. In our own time the late Lord Tennyson had the faculty of showing how scientific progress could be described in simple, pellucid language. Charles II. interests the Master of Christ's in a novel way. He recalls that the king took a curious interest in anatomy, and quotes Pepys to the effect that the king was highly pleased with the dissection of two bodies that was made before him. He thinks that the ancestry of Charles II. accounts for this

interest in science. His mother was the daughter of a Medici princess, and the characteristics here, as often, are transmitted in the female line. Mr. Shipley's eulogy of Harvey is fine and thoroughly well deserved. He finds lines to quote in Cowley's greeting at the birth of the Royal Society. From Donne he quotes this verse, which will be read with additional interest at a time when the fly is being brought up for judgment:

Marke but this flea, and marke in this,  
How little that which thou deny'st me is;  
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,  
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled bee.

The Restoration Drama forms a very important part of the literature of the period, and it is dealt with in three separate chapters, by as many different hands. Professor Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania begins with Puritan England, and goes on to show the relaxation that took place towards the end of Cromwell's Protectorate, leading us up through Sir William D'Avenant, Etherege, Sir Charles Sedley, Lacy and Aphra Behn to Wycherley's "Plain Dealer." Mr. Charles Whibley takes up the story with Congreve, for whom, as might be expected, he has little but eulogy, and carries it on as far as Colley Cibber; and Mr. A. T. Bartholomew discusses Restoration tragedy and brings us up to "The Fair Penitent." The papers are very well written; but some of their eulogistic phrases make it difficult to account for the fact that from that period there does not survive a single play of undoubted vitality. All the wit and cleverness of Congreve did not make up for a certain lack of that highest literary inspiration which goes to produce immortal verse or immortal drama, and among the rest he was easily king. Criticism of the same kind might be made upon Mr. Whibley's discourse of The Court Poets. It is very singular that their rare fervency of spirit did not enable them to write anything that has an unquestioned place among the flowers of English literature. Rochester alone made some approach to it. Two of the passages quoted by Mr. Whibley very nearly justify the high praise he bestows on them. The first has the quality that makes passages in Shakespeare and Homer immortal for ever:

An Age in her Embraces past,  
Would seem a Winter's Day;

and this in its own way is equal to it:

Thou art my Way: I wander if thou fly.  
Thou art my Light: if hid, how blind am I.  
Thou art my Life: if thou withdraw'st, I die.

The essay, whether we agree with it or not, is scholarly in the best sense and very pleasant to read.

### THE ORIGIN OF AMERICAN ANIMALS.

*Distribution and Origin of Life in America*, by R. F. Scharff (Constable.)

ALTHOUGH the reader might naturally assume that this volume deals with the advent of life from a moss-grown meteorite or some such extra-mundane source, its title must be regarded, in part, as one of those pleasant little plays of Hibernian fancy which appear to infect even some of those who make Ireland their home. In reality the subject of the book is the relation borne by American animals to their own country and their affinities to those of other lands, more especially as displayed by extinct types. In all works of such a nature theory must of necessity play a very prominent part; but we hope to be pardoned when we say that in few which have come under our notice has such an enormous superstructure of theory been in many cases piled upon such an extremely small modicum of fact. One of the author's pet theories relates to an alleged land bridge, supposed to have formerly connected Greenland with Scandinavia, and across which reindeer are considered to have made their way from one area to the other. That such a land bridge may perfectly well have existed, and that by its aid land-snails may have made their way from one hemisphere to the other, we have no intention to deny; but snails are not reindeer, and we want much more evidence than the author gives before we are induced to believe that reindeer (unlike all other deer, whose home was undoubtedly the European-Asiatic Continent) originated in Greenland or the neighbouring part of the Arctic, whence some of them travelled eastward to Scandinavia, and others westward by way of what is now Bering Strait to Asia. Too much is, we think, made of the resemblance between Norwegian (as distinguished from Finnish) and Greenland reindeer, which is probably due, in great part, to similarity of environment; and if reindeer were able to avail themselves of this Atlantic route, why, it may be asked, was it not likewise used by roebuck and red deer to enter America from Europe? On very similar grounds the author, in place



of accepting the more reasonable view that Central Asia was their birthplace, insists that hares originated in high Arctic latitudes. But the most extraordinary theory in connection with deer is to be found later on in the volume, where the author endeavours to persuade his readers that the typical American deer, such as the members of the brocket, guemul and white-tailed group, are derived from ancestors nearly related to the roebuck which reached South America by a direct land route from Western Europe in early Tertiary times. The idea is as absurd as it is unfounded, and it is as certain as anything in such matters can be that these deer, like the rest of their tribe, are derived from an Asiatic stock, which in this instance entered America by the Bering Strait route, and did not reach the southern half of that continent till a relatively late date. The author's plea for specially close affinity between these deer and roebuck is equally unsupported by fact. Before leaving deer it is curious to notice that when the author accepts what everybody else regards as a self-evident fact, such as that the original home of the red deer and wapiti group was in Asia, he calmly appropriates the idea as an inspiration of his own, remarking that (page 68) "it is many years since I argued that the *Elaphus* group of the genus *Cervus*, to which the Canadian wapiti and the European red deer belong, originated in Central Asia, and I have not had any cause to modify my views in this respect." As in the case of the deer, Mr. Scharff refuses to believe that primitive elephants made their way into America by way of Bering Strait, but must needs invoke for their passage, as also for that of camels in the reverse direction, a Pacific land bridge in lower latitudes. In fact, there is almost no end to the number of such land connections invoked by the author. Did space permit, reference might be made to many other indefensible theories; but it must suffice to mention the preposterous idea (page 373) that the ant-bears and scaly ant-eaters of the Old World "originated in the Mediterranean region from South American ancestors, and have spread southwards subsequently." Although we have no desire to be hard on an author who is manifestly so painstaking as Mr. Scharff, when he persists in starting such wild theories as the above we cannot conscientiously recommend our readers to take him as a trustworthy guide in such matters. Apart, however, from its theories, the book includes a large amount of information with regard to the past and present distribution of American and other animals.

### NOVELS OF THE WEEK.

**The Arrival of Antony**, by Dorothea Conyers. (Hutchinson and Co.) ANTONY DOYLE, the hero of Miss Dorothea Conyers' happy-go-lucky romance, is a young Irishman who has since his infancy lived in Germany with his adopted mother, a German of some social position. On her death Antony, for whom she has omitted to provide as had been expected, decides to come home to Ireland and seek out his own people. His surprise and bewilderment, and his subsequent manly acceptance of his position, on introduction to Tim and Tom Doyle, his uncles, a pair of rough-and-ready horse-dealers, is described with a delightful humorousness that robs the situation of its sordidness and gives Miss Conyers an opportunity to portray with verve and light-heartedness the little vulgarly aspiring, yet not altogether unattractive, community that claim the DoYLES' gentleman nephew as one of themselves. There is, of course, a plot to the story, but this need not be sketched, since the reader will prefer to discover for himself how Antony succeeded in marrying Kathleen Moore in the face of an opposition which Miss Conyers' ingenuity manages satisfactorily to evade.

**The Forest on the Hill**, by Eden Phillpotts. (John Murray.) MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is a very able writer who has created for himself an atmosphere and environment peculiarly his own, into which, from time to

time, as imagination works in him, he introduces a little group of characters engaged in the universal human tragi-comedy. This atmosphere of Mr. Phillpotts has a potent charm that makes largely for the success of all he undertakes; so it happens that *The Forest on the Hill*, though not by any means the best thing he has written, will find many appreciative readers. The story is centred about two women and two men, and also the inevitable war between the sexes which affords such opportunity for philosophic exchange of obvious truisms between the deep-thinking and far-seeing folk of Mr. Phillpotts' imagination. Perhaps at times these men and women seem to pass the bounds of our credulity, and in the abstruseness of their arguments and their amazing power of self-expression we suspect Mr. Phillpotts sniping at us from an ambush.

**Paul's Paragon**, by W. E. Norris. (Constable.)

MR. NORRIS is a genial and pleasant writer whose work is distinguished by a certain quiet distinction. He has always a good story to tell, and *Paul's Paragon* is no exception to a well-established rule. Guy Hilliar, the adopted son of Paul Lequesne, an author, is the paragon, so-called. He is an average, clean-minded, kind-hearted young Englishman, gifted with more than the average share of brains, and not handicapped by a too sensitive temperament. Paul has the highest hopes for his paragon, but these are rudely brought to the ground when, upon leaving the 'Varsity, Guy announces his desire to enter the firm of Cleland, shipowners. Guy was at Oxford with Cleland's son, and the old man is—having been struck by the young man's enthusiasm and eager enterprise—willing to take Guy on under advantageous conditions. Paul agrees to the proposition—never permitting his adopted son to guess at the full extent of his disappointment, his dismay at the thought of losing so soon his companionship—and Guy leaves for Liverpool. Here all goes well, he becomes engrossed in his work, and time slips by quickly. The inevitable love-interest eventually appears, a not too desirable one, and Guy falls under the fascination of Lady Freda Barron, though all along there has been a thoroughly nice girl of his own age, and a companion of many years' standing, waiting for him to fall in love with her. It needs Audrey to become engaged to Wattie Cleland and Lady Freda to fail him ere Guy Hilliar's eyes are opened to Audrey Baldwin's attractions. Before that happens much water has run beneath the bridge, Guy's disreputable father has almost succeeded in drawing the level-headed young man into interesting Cleland's firm in a fraudulent mining enterprise, and Guy himself has been proved real grit. This is a sound piece of good work.

**In the World of Bewilderment**, by John Travers. (Duckworth.)

THERE is something very fresh and ingenious in the style of *In the World of Bewilderment*. The story is concerned with the extent of personal liberty permitted to man and woman after marriage. Nancy Grant, a charming, natural and lovable heroine, finds herself after a few years of happiness abruptly faced, on coming out to rejoin her husband in India, after spending two years in England, with the indisputable fact that he admires, and injudiciously cultivates the society of, another woman. Vere Stevenson is a married flirt, well born, well bred, extremely attractive. She does not scruple to keep up a pretence of friendship with Nancy while compromising herself with Nancy's husband. Nancy and Jack Grant indulge in several very human disagreements over the situation which is humiliating to Nancy as a wife, and unfair to her as a woman. Jack Grant calmly, rather amused by her attitude, arrogates to himself a right to flirt if he pleases, though he is still attached to Nancy. The struggle between the pair is unequal; it ends, not through Nancy's winning him over to her point of view, but in Vere Stevenson, after his removal to Peshawar, finding a successor to take his place. A well-written and attractive novel.

## ON THE GREEN.

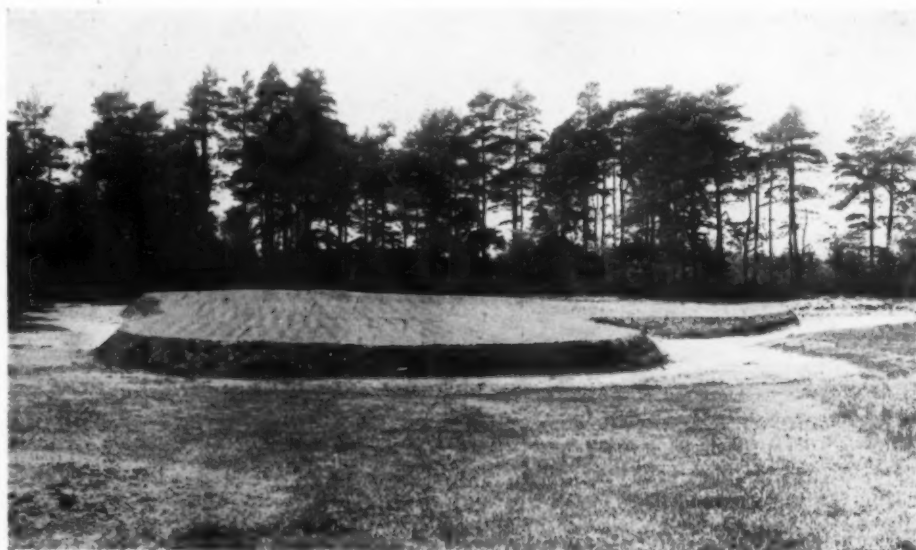
BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### MODERN GOLFING ARCHITECTURE.

WE London golfers, surrounded by an ever-increasing number of sandy and heathery courses, are growing to be pampered creatures, and are not perhaps quite as grateful as we ought to be for our lot. This was brought home to me the other day by a very good Scottish golfer who has lately migrated to the South. He has been tremendously impressed by the courses within easy reach of London, and by the extent to which, in architectural achievement, they outstrip the inland courses of his native

country. I suppose Barnton may be taken as the most distinguished, and one of the best, of the inland courses of Scotland. Barnton is a very pretty park, and the greens are

as near perfection as may be; but when the great Mr. Robert Clark, who once lived at Barnton House, declared that he had a better course than Musselburgh at his own front door, one can only imagine that his last round at Musselburgh must have been a bitterly disastrous one. Barnton, in fact, if I may say so with all respect, is just what the best of our park courses used to be before sand and heather and



THE THIRTEENTH HOLE AT WORPLESDON.

eminent architects came to cheer our week-ends and make golf for the inland player an almost entirely different game.

Of the sandy, heathery, fir-treed courses round London, Woking, founded in 1892, is decidedly the oldest. It is also a course where the most daring architectural experiments are tried; but Woking has only gradually attained to its present form, and was laid out long before the word architect in a golfing sense had been invented. One would rather choose the foundation of Sunningdale in 1901, just before the momentous time of the Haskell invasion, as the beginning of what may be called the architectural period. After an interval of three years came Walton Heath, the first of the leading courses to be designed *ab initio* to combat the ravages of the rubber ball. Then, again, came something of a lull till some three or four years ago, when there burst upon us Stoke Poges, marking the apotheosis of park golf, and one of the very few imitations in England of the "Country Club" of America; West Hill and Worplesdon; Sandy Lodge, that lacks heather—more's the pity—but possesses wonderful imported bents; and, finally—though real finality is far from being reached yet—Coombe Hill and Swinley Forest, the latter of which appears to me to be unquestionably the finest inland golf course I have seen.

About this new architecture there are many striking features, but that which I personally find the most impressive is the dauntless and far-seeing courage of its authors and the really tremendous character of their undertakings. Not many years ago we chose for our course an open field, and the wood that grew beside it was out of bounds. Now the position is reversed; it is the wood that is turned into a golf course and the field that is out of bounds. When we see the finished product we may have some faint idea of the work that has been done; but to see a modern course actually in the making is a revelation. The first time I saw the seventh hole at Stoke Poges—I can see it vividly in my mind's-eye now—there was nothing but a little stream rippling along between two thickly-wooded banks; on my next visit it was as it is now, a narrow green banked up above the stream, covered with apparently immemorial turf, and with never a sign of a tree save in the background. At Worplesdon, at Coombe Hill and at Swinley the fairway has been hewn out of a solid forest, and at one period of its making resembled the devastated track of a tornado.



THE FIRST GREEN AT SWINLEY FOREST.

Quite lately I have seen the most impressive sight of all—an up-to-date course before so much as a single tree has been cut. This is at St. George's Hill, near Weybridge, where are woods so beautiful that the golfer, even while he sees how good the

course will be, yet feels that it is rather wicked to make it. Incidentally, the modern architect must possess one of the gifts of the cat; he must be able to see in the dark, in order to lay out a whole course, as he does, without ever emerging from the



THE APPROACH TO THE FOURTEENTH AT COOMBE HILL.

shadow of the trees. In one sense of the word the modern architect is more artificial than his predecessor; he changes the face of Nature to a greater extent, and will build a plateau or a mountain range as soon as cut a bunker. On the other hand, in other ways he pays much greater attention to Nature, defacing her but seldom with those hideous ramparts once so frequent, and availing himself as much as ever he can of the help she gives him. In one particular respect has the architect of to-day learnt to take advantage of Nature, and that is in the use of slopes and ridges and hogs' backs which, skilfully used, are just as effective as bunkers in punishing a bad shot and give an agreeable variety.

These natural slopes and ridges are not only skilfully used, but also skilfully imitated, and a putting green that is not a mass of "humps and hollows" on a minor scale is now decidedly the exception. One particularly ingenious device is that which is to be seen in the seventh green at Woking, and in an improved and more difficult form in the thirteenth at Swinley Forest. It consists of dividing the green into two compartments separated by a broken and wavy ridge, so that the shot that is only moderately straight entails a putt almost immoderately difficult over a mountain range, whereas the perfect approach reaps a rich reward. This is wholly admirable; but ingenuity and plastic models have their pitfalls, and one is sometimes tempted to think that in green-building some architects have gone far enough. I have heard it said by one of them—and that very acutely—that since half our strokes are played on the greens, we ought to have as good fun there as on other parts of the course. The subsidiary question, however, remains as to what constitutes good fun.

It is, at any rate, very good fun to play good one-shot holes, and one of the features of modern architecture is the lavish display of short holes and the treasures of ingenuity spent on them. Worplesdon with five, Coombe with five, and Swinley with four of these one-shot holes are noteworthy examples, and unless we except the tenth at Worplesdon, which consists of a pleasant, old-fashioned, picturesque water-jump, there is not one of the fourteen that is not thoroughly difficult. The picture of the thirteenth at Worplesdon does not quite do justice to all its features; yet what an alarming little island of turf it is on which to pitch, and how good is



that arm of the sandy sea that comes eating its way in on the right!

One distinction of practically all these new short holes is that the player can see from the tee the bottom of the pin and exactly the nature of his task. This is true, for that matter, of nearly all the holes, short or long. That blindness should be regarded as a crime is excellent; but whether this has not entailed, to too great an extent, the disappearance of the carrying shot, is, at any rate, arguable. How many long carrying seconds right up to a hole do we see on all these modern courses? I can think of very few, and in the few cases I can think of the carries are so long as to be no comfort to me personally, since I must sneak short with an iron. One or two more carrying seconds would be very pleasant, just as it is pleasant to come across, as we are beginning to do, the hole in which the second is not a run-up, but a very difficult short pitch, with a bunker quite close to the hole, such as is the eleventh at Swinley. One of the architect's most important and most difficult tasks is to avoid growing too monotonous in his designs. Variety is not everything, but it is a very great thing. B. D.

#### MR. A. SINCLAIR AND RUGBY FOOTBALL.

IN writing of the Hoylake Scrap-Book, and acting unworthily as show-man to its beauties, I find that I did honour where honour was not due, and, again, withheld it from him whose it should rightly be, in crediting Mr. Alexander Sinclair with the photography of certain of the pictures. They were done, as I ought to have known, by Mr. Walter Stone, and to him I owe and hereby offer apology. On the other hand, I can do greater honour to Mr. Sinclair than that which justice compels me to take from him, for it has since been brought to my notice that he has a right to be looked on—as, indeed, he has been publicly acclaimed—as the Grand Old Man of Rugby football. It is written of him that "there is only one living man who was a member of a football club fifty years ago who is still a member, and he is Mr. Alexander Sinclair, one of the survivors of the group of young fellows who founded the Blackheath Football Club in 1862." He occupied the chair at the public dinner of the club last month.

#### AN OPEN ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

I read, very lately, an announcement of an "Open English Championship" to be played on the Prince's Club's course at Sandwich on April 16th and three following days. It was interesting. Visions of Braid, Vardon, Taylor and all the great amateurs engaged in a new competition, with match play as its chief feature! The arrangements, in fact, read much like those of the American Amateur Championship, and the thought of the big amateurs and professionals at grips gave a thrill, even in the prospect. The qualification named is "English parentage or five years' residence in England." The latter clause makes Braid all right. Then follow a number of rules governing the competition, and then, when we begin to get tired of reading the regulations, suddenly we come on this one: "Any player who fails to appear at the tee within fifteen minutes of the time she is called on to play," etc. She! The eternal feminine! That is what it all is—an English championship for ladies, with the term "open" only, presumably meaning that there is no restriction as to membership of clubs. It is difficult to see any other sense for its use. But might this not have been called the "Open English Ladies' Championship," or might not some hint at least have been given earlier of the sex restriction which, after all, is only implied? There is no clear statement anywhere, that I find, of the restriction—only the hint given by this magic word "she" and a feminine gender running through some of the rest of the regulations. But explicitly I see nothing in them to prevent Vardon and Braid and Taylor and Messrs. Ball and Hilton entering for this championship. Perhaps they will. I hope so. It is true there is a regulation that all entries are subject to the approval of the championship committee. That committee is named: Miss Yarde-Buller, Mrs. Cote, Mrs. Phipps-Hornby, Mr. McNair, and those two rulers of Prince's, Mr. Mallaby-Deeley and Mr. Lucas. I have a conviction that if Harry Vardon enters he will be rejected; but I see no grounds stated for his rejection, and perhaps he might successfully contest his right of entry at law. I do not know, being no lawyer.

#### WHY NOT A MIXED CHAMPIONSHIP?

Speaking rather seriously, this is evidently a competition for the ladies, though the fact might have been mentioned in the prospectus inviting entries.

It is under the auspices of the National County Alliance. It is intended, no doubt, that men shall be excluded; but, after all, why this exclusion—why should we infer this, of necessity? Why should we not have a mixed championship—heaven knows there are so many championships nowadays that one more will not make much difference—a championship in which men and women should be able to meet together on equal terms? What terms would make them equal? I should say, looking at the result of the match in which Miss Leitch took a third from Mr. Hilton and gave him a beating, that a third given by the men would be enough. Other matches seem to indicate that it would not be enough; but it is nearly sure that the ladies would improve by frequent playing against men, and there is no probability that the same process would improve men, speaking strictly of their golf. It might, at all events, be amusing to try a competition of the kind and see how it worked. Even if it did not work, it would do nobody any harm. It need not be repeated. And if it did work, it might continue as an annual amusement. I wish this championship committee named would accept a few men's entries on terms—say, professionals to give ladies a half, and amateurs to give them a third. But I am afraid they will not.

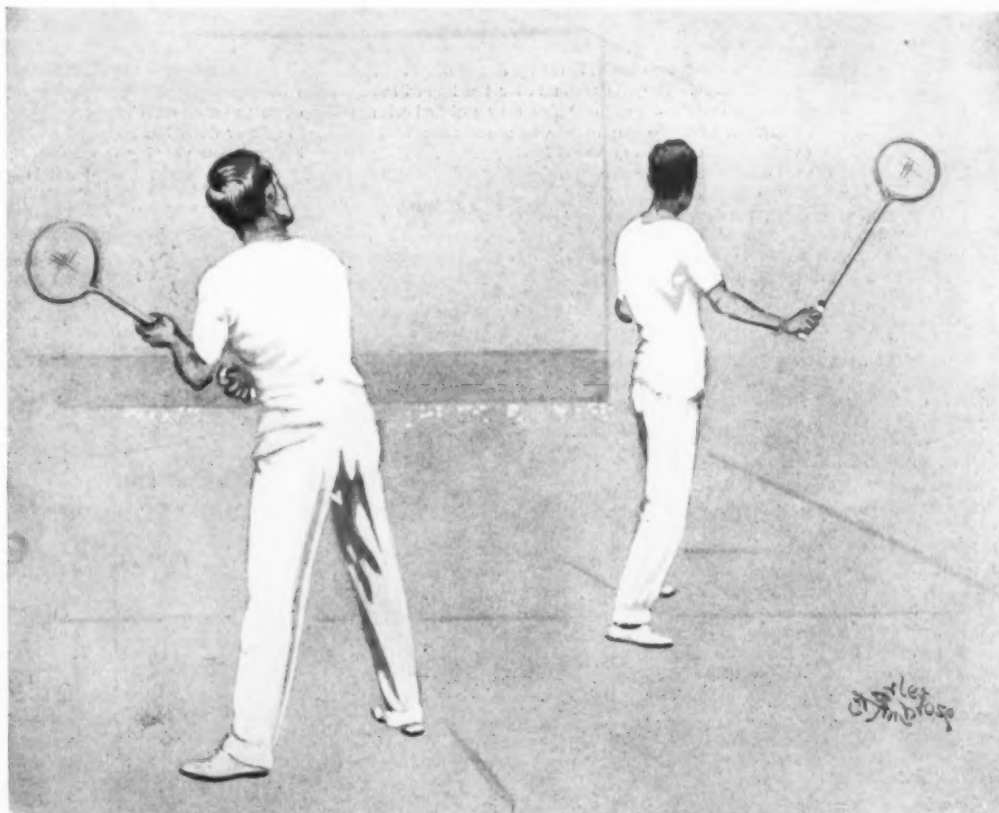
#### PROSPECT OF A GOOD COMPETITION.

Leaving it, however, to the ladies, who presumably intend to keep it to themselves, they ought to get good fun out of it. The residential qualification, it may be noted, gives Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie a right of entry, if she chooses to enter. Not, indeed, that there is any lack of good lady golfers to make the competition good. And if these princely potentates, Messrs. Mallaby-Deeley and Lucas, choose to put the tees back on that most excellent links of Prince's, the very best of the ladies will not say that the course is not good enough or long enough or difficult enough for her. A useful letter, as I think making for peace and goodwill among women, has been circulated lately by some member of the National County Alliance, pointing out that the purpose of this society's existence is by no means to be a thorn in the side, as some have seemed to suppose, of the Ladies' Golf Union. There is no reason, as it urges, against the amicable living of these two side by side, the younger complementary of any duties which the other and older is too fully occupied to undertake.

H. G. H.

## RACQUETS.

ON Saturday last Captain Luther of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry was called upon to defend his title as Military Singles Racquets Champion, and after a great struggle he had to yield to Mr. A. H. Muir of the 15th Sikhs. All five games had to be played before the match could be settled; not only that, but the games themselves were as long and as close



CAPTAIN LUTHER SERVING TO MR. MUIR

as they could well have been. Mr. Muir seemed to be in the pink of condition, and that just turned the scale for him in a gruelling match.

The play was always interesting to watch. One minute one heard a venerable spectator wondering how on earth anybody could have made "such a mess of a perfect gift" as Mr. Muir did when he was leading at 14—10 in the first game and Captain

Luther lobbed up the simplest-looking chance in the world for him to kill and take the game. The very next minute he was loudly applauding the same player for a dazzling shot—one of many such. If Captain Luther's methods were less robust than his opponent's, his judgment of the angle the ball was likely to take off the back wall was far more accurate. More than once Mr. Muir wanted all his quickness and energy to make up for errors in calculation, whereas Captain Luther generally found himself in the right

place, but frequently cancelled his advantage by mis-hitting the ball!

In these days of referees and umpires and "wrong decisions," it was delightful to see an important match played with just somebody to call the score and faults. If ever there was any question as to whether the ball was "up" or not, the player himself just said it was "up" or "not up," as the case might be, and his own decision was accepted as a matter of course. *O, si sic omnes!*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### HALF-AN-HOUR WITH A STOAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Looking out of my bedroom one morning a few Sundays ago across an adjacent meadow situated near the foot of the South Downs, I was surprised to see a rabbit running at a great pace along the side of the field, under the opposite hedge. Instead of turning to the right through a gateway midway up the field, or continuing its course, the rabbit suddenly turned at right angles in my direction and, running out a distance of some fifty yards into the field, stopped dead and crouched. Almost at the same time a stoat came tearing up the field along the line of the rabbit till it reached the spot where the latter had changed its course. Pausing for a second, it retraced its steps with the utmost haste for some considerable distance down wind. Then it made a beautiful cast in the most approved hunting style, and, evidently winding bunny, galloped straight up to within some five yards of him. A stern chase ensued towards the centre of the field, and as an intervening tree obscured my view I hastened downstairs to see the drama through. Before I could get out into the field, however, the rabbit had already been killed, and my Airedale, spying the stoat, chased him into the roadside hedge, and although giving him a warm two minutes, lost him in a ditch of running water some fifty yards below a cowman's cottage. Having picked up the dead rabbit, I showed it to the cowman and told him of my experience. It is a remarkable sequel that within the next half-hour the same stoat drove another rabbit into the yard near the cottage, and having fastened on to his prey behind some nettles under the wall of the cowshed, received scant courtesy at the hands of the cowman's wife, who, with the aid of her dog, was able to secure both the cheeky stoat and the dying rabbit. A good deal had certainly been crowded into the life of that stoat within half-an-hour. I may state that his mate had been killed some ten days before, after she had accounted for a hen and her brood of chicks.—C. G. LOVESEY.

### TOWN MILK SHOPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter of "Country-bred" was an eye-opener. Probably there are hundreds of milk shops run on the same lines. Rents are high in good parts of London; the milkman may be obliged to herd his family in the basement, but the milk should not also be there. It quite accounts for the impurities. What a state of things! Where are the inspectors? Are they satisfied with the clean shop, inspect no further, make no enquiries as to where the milk is opened, housed and cans washed? It is hard on the dairy-farmers. All their care and trouble to send pure milk thrown away. Down here the dairies are spotlessly clean. We are not up to date; the cowmen do not yet dress in white, and the cows are not washed. Given clean meadows, space in buildings and yard, fresh straw, and they keep themselves clean. The milk is pure, clean and good.—M. E. MURRAY, The Glebe, Brinsop, Hereford.

### THE FLOWERS OF THE SALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In common with all the members of the natural order to which it belongs, the willow, or "palm," usually has the male and female flowers borne on separate trees. I send you a specimen with both sexes on one twig. The tree from which it came was found in Surrey a few days ago. There were many other twigs on the tree similar to that photographed. In fact, I should say more than half had the same abnormal character. It will be interesting to see if the same thing occurs next season.—ALFRED W. DENNIS.

[As a rule, the various members of the willow family produce male and female flowers on different plants, but in the case of a specimen of the common willow, or goat willow (*Salix caprea*) sent for examination, catkins of male and female flowers are found on the same plant intermixed on the branches. This is not, however, a unique occurrence, for in at least two kinds of willow male and female flowers are borne regularly by the same plant. These are *Salix cinerea* variety *Medemii* and *Salix resquiertia*. In both cases male and female flowers are found in the same catkin, but with the difference that in the former case they are intermixed throughout the catkin, and in the latter instance female flowers occupy the lower part of the inflorescence and male flowers the upper part. By this, both differ from the specimen kindly communicated by Mr. Dennis, for in this specimen male and female flowers appear in different catkins on the same shoot. It has been suggested that plants exhibiting



SALLOW.

this peculiarity are of hybrid origin; but whether this is correct or not it is difficult to know. Neither do there appear to be any records of such plants producing fertile seeds, although they may do so.—ED.]

### GULLS ON LAKE GENEVA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The gulls have nearly all left the Lake of Geneva for the present; only a few immature young ones remain, evidently last season's late broods, and about ten per cent. of adult male birds, who during the last three weeks have assumed their handsome black caps. Can any reader say whether the process is a sudden or a gradual one? One day I saw only one bird with a black cap, and a few days later the proportion was about one in every ten or twelve.—F. MORDAUNT.

### SEA-BIRDS INLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On November 22nd last I heard that our keeper had a strange bird for me, and on his opening his hare-pocket, there protruded the violently-pecking head of what proved to be a razorbill (*Alea torda*). After handling it warily, I made it over to the care of a friend. I learnt afterwards that the bird had been seen on the wing the day before, and that, previous to being rescued from a dog in the village, it had received a gunshot wound in the back, which probably accounted for its death a few days later. No one here was responsible for this, the usual barbarity meted out to strangers in the bird-world. It is an adult male in full winter plumage. I have also acquired a common tern (*Sterna fluvialis*), shot as late as November on the Thames near Windsor. I believe this to be an immature female. These birds are often found far inland on migration, but they usually leave us in September or October. The stormy weather of early winter was quite sufficient to account for the razorbill's appearance, and possibly for the tern's.—MAUD STEVENSON.

### SEAGULLS CATCHING FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read this correspondence, and feel it may interest you to hear that during the hard weather at the beginning of this month seagulls (which I have never seen here before) were constantly on my trout farm. They only chose the shallowest and clearest ponds, and would dive into the water, as a kingfisher does, but appeared to be too slow to catch the trout. Still, a five-inch rainbow yearling was actually seen to be caught and dropped, and a few six-inch brown trout yearlings, showing unmistakable marks of their sides being pinched, were found lying on the banks of a pond which appeared to have particular attractions. Is it possible that these fish were dropped owing to the gulls being suddenly alarmed, or that they were too large for them to eat conveniently?—A. SEVERN, Bibury Fishery, near Fairford, Gloucestershire.

### ATTACKED BY A CAPERCAILLIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—One day last year, when going to fish, I had rather a curious experience. I was proceeding through a glen, when all at once a hen capercaillie flew out of the undergrowth straight at my head, beating its wings furiously the while. I had great difficulty in warding it off, and only succeeded in doing so at the expense of a new top for my fishing-rod. It had a brood of chicks at the time, and had evidently been afraid I intended molesting them. I wonder if any reader of *COUNTRY LIFE* has had a similar experience.—JAMES MUIR.

### PUNCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Punch was a howler. Undoubtedly he was fully convinced that his voice was melodious; human beings thought otherwise. Perhaps, however, their musical temperaments were not sufficiently educated to fully appreciate the rendering of original compositions in a minor key. Be that as it may, Punch lost no opportunity of taking the vocal solo to the accompaniment of any musical instrument whatever, particularly the concertina in the hands of a young friend of mine, who extracted vague sounds from its remaining two notes. Sometimes Punch disdained a single instrument and yearned for a fuller orchestra. This he found once a week, when the local band discoursed really decent music in the neighbourhood. He was then to be heard at his best; but that band was jealous and afraid of a possible rival. One of its members would play a few



bars and then count time for a few more while he pointed out to Punch (sometimes very forcibly) that it was rude to interrupt; but they, at least, were able to hold their own. Not so another "musician," known locally as "The one man band." He, poor fellow, had no companion to speak sweet words to Punch while he extracted "Lead, Kindly Light" from a battered euphonium, and oftentimes the light went out suddenly and Punch was left triumphant.—F. W. HOCKADAY.

#### DOGS AND "OTHER NOISES."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is evident that other sounds besides music give pain to dogs. We had a dog who howled as if he were being thrashed every time an old grandfather clock struck. When it "warned" five minutes before striking the dog would go out of the room in which the clock was, if possible.—L. PRICE.

#### USE OF NECK MUSCLES BY PEKINGESE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few years ago I had a Pekingese which used her neck muscles to a remarkable extent. If I stooped to pat her she would throw her head back into the palm of my hand and, pushing her feet against my leg, would walk up on to my lap. Two of her puppies also did this trick, though they had never seen their mother practise it.—F. M. P.

#### ELECTRICITY v. GAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is only fair, both to your readers and to the gas industry, that an emphatic contradiction should be given to the statement made by Mrs. Amy Cross in your Supplement of the 9th inst., that the cost of cooking by electricity at 1d. per unit is equal to gas at 2s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet. The fact is that, at those prices, electricity is more than three times as costly as gas. This state-



CONCERTED MUSIC.

tail, are well shown. It is commonly stated that these sheep are always devoid of horns, but the ram on the left of the picture will be seen to carry a small pair. These remarkable sheep are often confounded with the fat-tailed breeds of India and many other parts of Asia, as well as North and South Africa, but they are really quite distinct. They are likewise different from the true fat-rumped sheep of Central Asia, in which the tail is quite rudimentary. Mr. Drake-Brockman informs me that "there is only one true Somali sheep, the black-headed, fat-rumped breed. Somalis will not keep any others, or cross these with any different breed, believing that they have reached as near as possible to perfection, so far as the needs of their own country are concerned. And there is doubtless a good deal in this, since not only is the mutton of these sheep excellent, but the skin is more valuable than that of any other domesticated breed, while the animals themselves are capable of withstanding severe droughts and can exist on the poorest of grasses."—R. L.

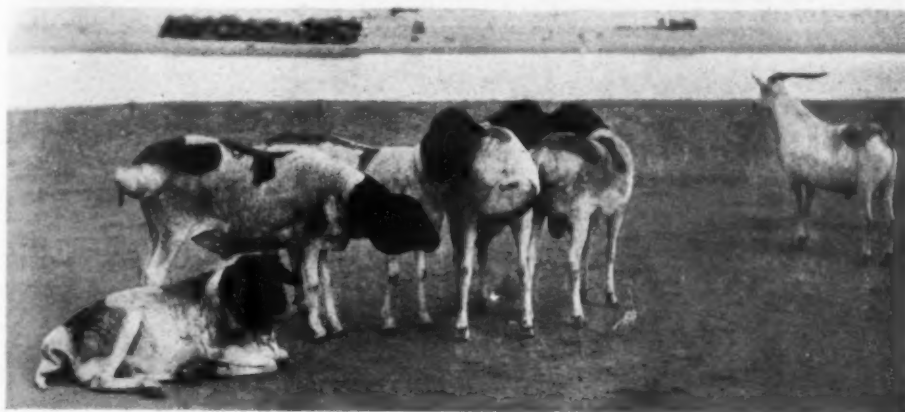
#### THE DOWNWARD CUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Is it possible to obtain further information as to the "downward cut" described in the very interesting chapter on "Throwing the Fly" on page 347 of "Fishing" in COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sport? I have tried for a long time to throw my fly as described against the wind, and cannot succeed in doing so. Ordinarily I can throw a fairly decent line, and I have long had hopes of mastering this "downward cut," so I am

venturing to write to ask for further information on the subject.—A. H. PLATT.

[There should be no great difficulty in mastering the "downward cut." The essentials are a tight grip of the rod, a slow return and a slow cast, very little force used, and the action of casting carried right through until the rod point is on the water.—ED.]



SOMALI SHEEP.

ment is based on a large number of tests, and will readily be substantiated before impartial judges at any time if the electricians care to face the ordeal. Challenges have been made to them, and still stand, in the technical press, which they have preferred to ignore. Equally are the public to be warned against accepting the claims of the electricians respecting the supposed greater saving in wastage of joints cooked electrically as compared with those cooked by gas.—F. W. GOODENOUGH.

#### A RELIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The photograph which accompanies this letter shows a relic of old-time village life, before the introduction of modern methods. The villagers gathered crab-apples and brought them to the mill to be crushed. They were afterwards made into jelly and verjuice.—JOHN R. MOULT.

#### SOMALI FAT-RUMPED SHEEP.

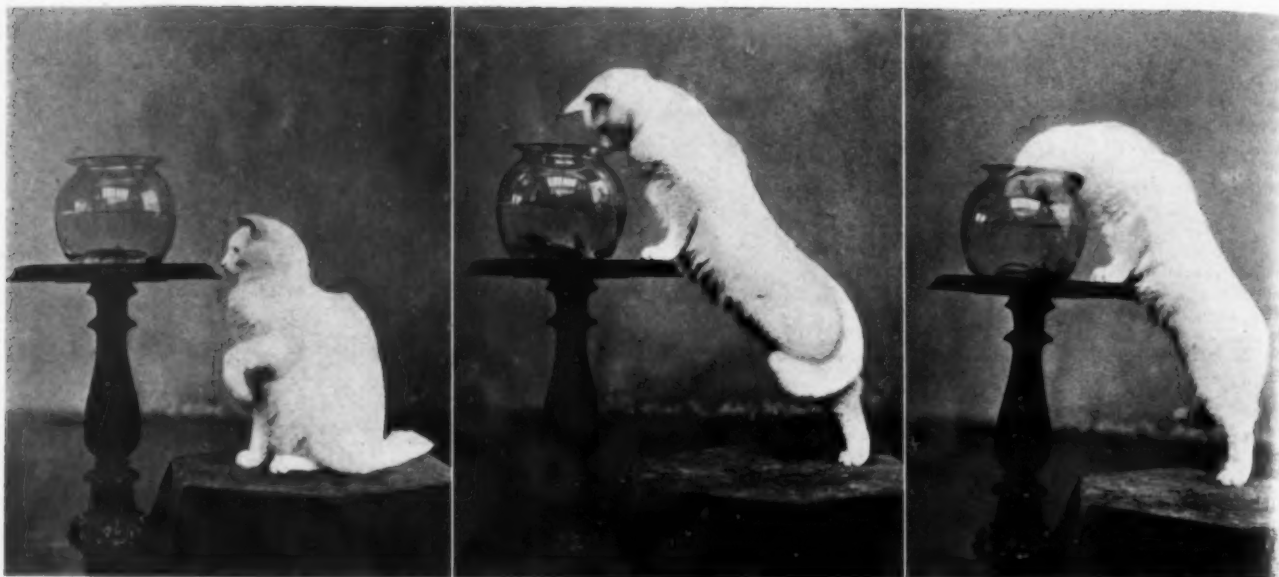
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many of your readers will probably be interested in the accompanying photograph of a group of the peculiar black-headed, fat-rumped sheep characteristic of Somaliland, taken for me by Mr. R. E. Drake-Brockman. The group were collected preparatory to being shipped to Aden, which is mainly supplied with mutton from this source, the dark marks on the backs of the animals being made by the Customs officer. Naturally, these sheep have only the neck and head black, and the whole body and limbs white; but allied breeds from Nubia and Arabia the white extends to the under parts and even the limb. The remarkable fatty cushions on the rump, from which the breed takes its name, and between them the relatively small and bent



THE OLD CRAB-MILL.





"THE PENSIVE SELIMA."

## "WHAT CAT'S AVERSE TO FISH?"

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs struck me as admirably calculated to illustrate Gray's famous and delightful ode; that is to say, if the lines be not construed too literally. My tale does not end with tragedy, yet I cannot help copying out the whole of the poem.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.  
*Drowned in a China Tub of Gold Fishes.*

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dyed  
The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima, reclined,  
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;  
The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but, 'midst the tide,  
Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
The Genii of the stream;  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,  
Through richest purple, to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish,  
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize:  
What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,  
Again she stretched, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between:

(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled,)  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;  
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
She mew'd to every watery god  
Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,  
Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard:  
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties! undeceived,  
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold:  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes,  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize  
Nor all that glisters gold.

—R. G. L.

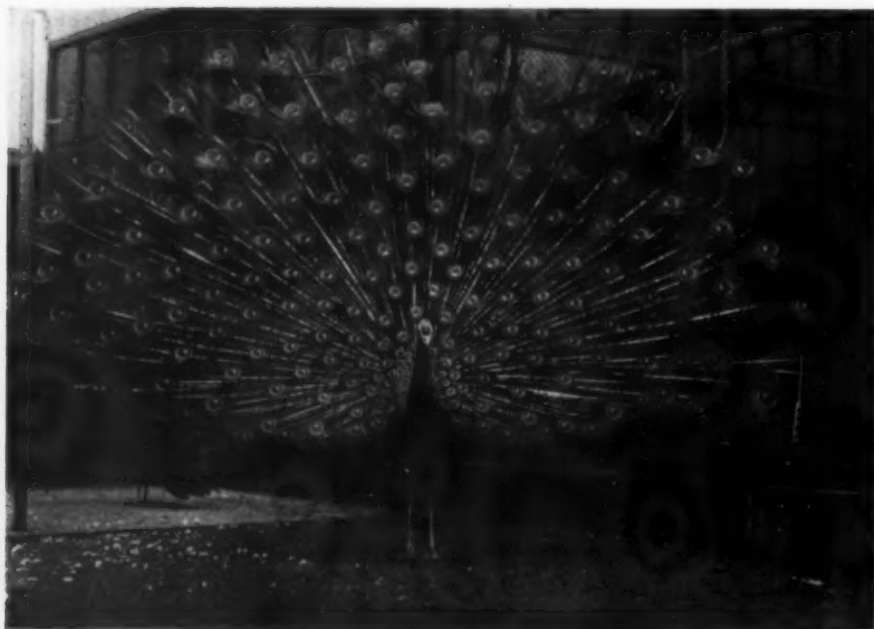
## THE JAVAN PEACOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although the Javan peacock is the only species depicted by Japanese artists, and is therefore familiar to all who take an interest in their beautiful drawings and other artistic work dealing with natural objects, it is very little known here as a living bird. The most marked distinction between this species and the well-known Indian peacock is the long, narrow crest of the Javan bird, which is composed of feathers webbed all the way down and is permanently closed, while that of the common peacock, as everyone knows, is composed of feathers only webbed at the tips and is permanently expanded. The bare skin of the face, too, is blue and yellow in the Javan peacock, instead of yellowish white as in the Indian bird. These distinctions characterise both sexes of both the species, but there are others still more interesting. In common peafowl the sexes are proverbially different, the magnificent blue neck of the cock and his cinnamon primary quills

distinguishing him from the hen even before he acquires his characteristic train. In the Javan peacock the neck is bronze green in both sexes, and both have black wings glossed with blue and green, and with cinnamon primaries. In fact, the sexes in this species differ so little that it is hard to distinguish them until the train of the male appears, the hen being quite as fine in appearance as the second-year cock, while young birds have their plumage almost as brilliant as those at a few months old. The Javan peafowl is a much longer-legged bird than the Indian, and owing to this and to the fact that his train is rather more skimpy and less fully fringed, except at the sides, he does not present so grand an appearance when in display as the common species, in which the train sweeps the ground on either side. The green peacock, as I prefer to call it, has one great merit and one great fault. He does not, indeed, scream like the Indian bird, but has a quite subdued call in several syllables; but he generally has a terrible temper, and will attack people freely, so that he is an unpleasant bird to have about a place, especially where there are children. It might be thought that by crossing the two species we might get a perfect peacock; but some hybrids bred last year at the Zoo between a Javan peahen and a male of the rather scarce black-winged variety of the common peafowl do not encourage this idea, unless they prove to resemble the green peacock in voice and the common one in temper, for in appearance they are not an improvement on either species.

FRANK FINN.



THE GREEN PEACOCK.